

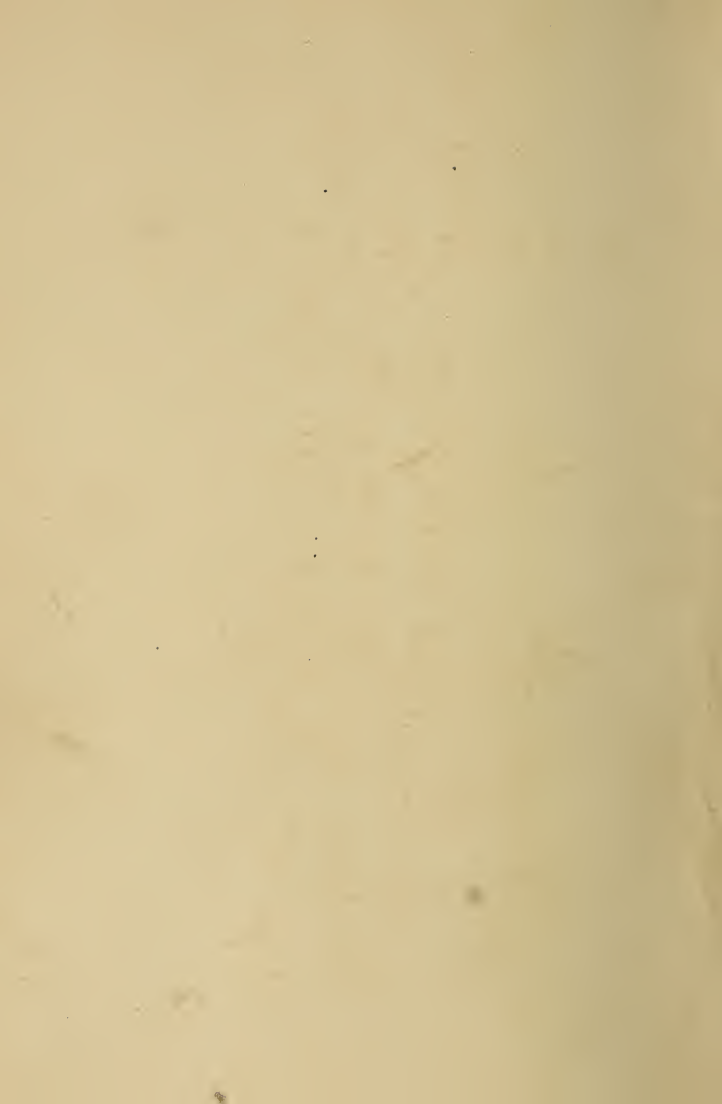


LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. P.S. 20⁴⁸ Copyright No.

Shelf I 6 M 6

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



AND
OTHER POEMS,

ISAAC M. INMAN.

15 VANDEWATER STREET.

PS 2048
I 6716

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875.

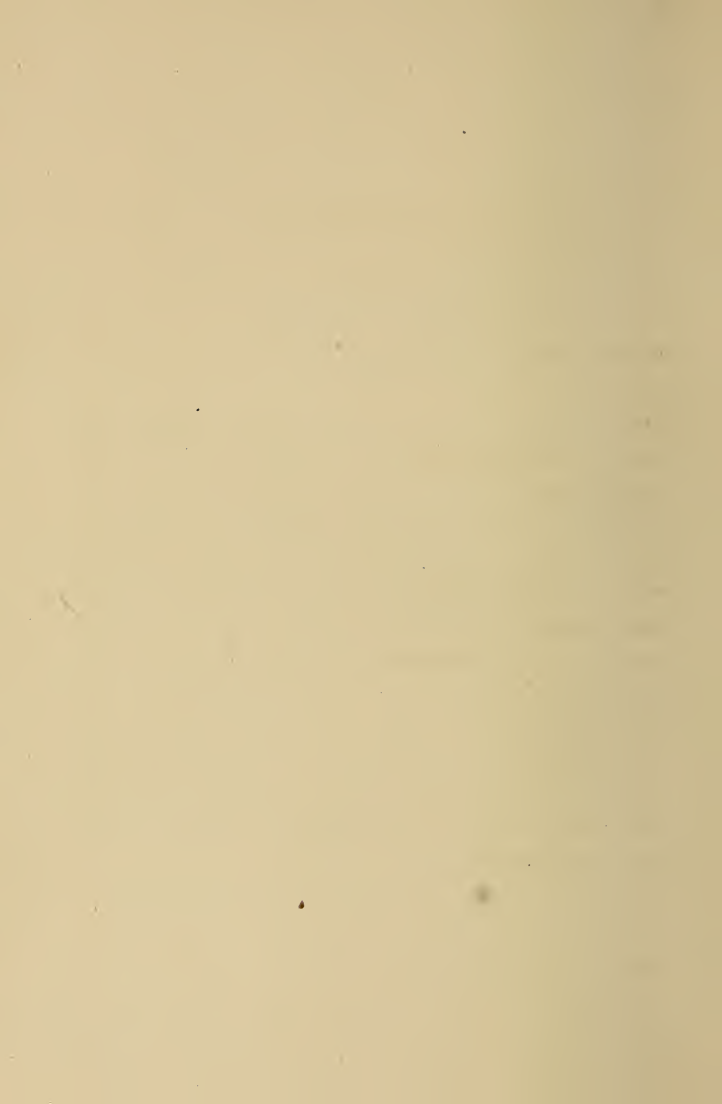
By ISAAC M. INMAN,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

P R E F A C E.

IN publishing "THE CAPTIVE," I had the gratification, through the liberality of the press, of seeing the book called for where it had been left on sale, though never advertised as being there. Having added a few poems—however humble they may be—I would ask a similar favor of that powerful engine, which has caused a general diffusion of knowledge, more than any religionist, any monarch, or any other power has been able to do since the creation of the world,—till, where it is admitted, thrones tremble and superstitions disperse, as darkness before the light of the sun. Man is the product of a combination of natural circumstances surrounding him.

THE AUTHOR.



CONTENTS.



	PAGE
THE MODIFIER,	9
BEELZEBUB,	14
FOREVER,	21
WHEN CHRIST HAD COME,	28
SUPERSTITION,	29
IRELAND.	30
IMPERFECTION,	33
RELIGIONS ARE A CURSE,	34
HOLY FATHER,	34
THE HALF OF ALL MANKIND,	35
ENERGY,	36
THE WILL,	37
THE CYCLE,.	37
CHRIST,	39
PERFECTION,	40
GREEK AND LATIN,.	41
TROUBLE,	42
POSITION;.	43
FAITH,.	44
TRUTH,	45
UNIVERSES,	46

CONTENTS.

THE THREE CONDITIONS,	47
WRINKLES,	49
SILENT CONTEMPT,	51
THE CROOKED WAY,	52
FISHING, NO. 1,	54
FISHING, NO. 2,	56
FISHING, NO. 3,	57
ETERNITY,	58
WOMAN,	60
WORSHIP NONE,	61
LET US AS WE ROAM ALONG,	62
WHEN TIME IS OLD,	63
THE BREEZE THAT FANS THE OCEAN,	64
WHEN THE BRAIN,	65
NOUGHT ELSE ON EARTH,	66

THE MODIFIER.

O WORLDS of infinitude!—one great whole!
From highest to lowest immensity full!
Open, thou watchful one, open the door,
And through thy great mercy again we will soar
Through our own habitations, nor earthly be
more :

Soar where we were wont, ere this clay-covered
o'er,
And imprisoned in darkness our brightness of
yore.

Give us knowledge to wing and celestial to see,
And a guide in the spirit appointed by thee.

All planet forms, all suns that move in space,
May each be measured by its hourly pace :
In one revolt a planet in advance
Has gained a distance of circumference ,
The Moon a planet is, and, judging right,
The Earth is its attending satellite.

Philosophy is wrong which says that Earth
Has not the speed of Mercury from birth ;
Nor suns, nor planets, moons, nor aught in
space

Moves faster than the atom of the race.
When in full bliss surrounding us each way,
Are suns to light us in perpetual day,
And tempered to the one perpetual spring,
A healing balm for all our evils bring.

Now wisdom, knowledge, purity combined,
Creative instinct fills the godly mind.
Above it sees a million worlds in light,
Below it fathoms depths deep hid in night.
Creation forming and extending still,
Bent to the power of godlike spirits' will ;
No end to frustrate and no breadth to know,
No height in glory and no depth in woe.
Where genius soars it sees but higher bounds,
Where hope allures it there no end hath found,
Where eye can reach, where thought can pene-
trate,
Where wisdom guide and knowledge elevate,
It sees extended in one vast expanse
The soul's eternal broad extravagance.

A spirit pure needs not a ruler still,
Ten thousand so can have but the one will ;
And why a God to then direct and call
The soul sufficient in itself for all ?
'Tis granted now, none may dispute the right,
The Moon's immensity in solar height.
Stupendous bulk, the timid Earth doth cling
Close to its side and shadow of its wing.
In transit of the earth penumbra spread
Obscures the moon untotally through it led ;
Earth's umbra fails to reach the moon in space,
And thus its outline full throughout we trace.
Weak heads explain that umbra covers o'er
The moon's broad surface thousand times or
more ;
Forgetful of its distance and extent,
Throughout absurd they strut and circumvent.
Another satellite than Earth the Moon attends,
Antipode to this from night defends.
The system through with Mercury begin,
Ignited by the sun's attraction in
Its course around the latter till involved,
And feed the flame in which it will dissolve.
The latent heat will then again be spread,
And burst anew as spirit from the dead ;

Thus casting forth its substance to each world
Which now around the sun in turn is hurled,
Till Venus, drawn within the radiant flame.
As man to dust, though all the man remain.
Thus is the truth: nor Nature will dispute,
Why man defy when angels tune the lute?
Thus on we run and justify the word—
The good shall rise, the wicked fall unheard;
Descended low shall on the earth remain,
Nor conscious be till purified by flame.

At distance space within the solar bound,
As Neptune far each embryo first is found,
Condensing still as they approach the sun,
As child to youth and youth to manhood run.
So Venus bright, on entering in the sun,
Shall near behold the Earth in circuit done.
Close in its track, as Earth shall Mars proceed,
And every planet's end is thus decreed.

Now when a planet enters in the sun,
It quick dissolves as process soon begun,
In masses spreads upon the molten sea,
As drift on ocean which we plainly see,
Electric parts by heat excited more,
And constant friction of the molten ore

Attract all objects to the solar base,
Within the system and beyond the race.
No other agent tends to bring them near,
And each in distance as condensed appear.
What object may we deign from this decree,
Save that the soul extracted hence is free?
In Neptune birth, in Saturn youth we find;
In Venus age, and Mercury divined.
The last is done as man's completed day,—
As flesh to earth, it in the sun shall lay.
Till all dissolved as flesh to vapor cast,
As iron to rust, and all made new at last.
The latent heat shall then again be spread,
And burst anew as spirit from the dead,
Till gathered all from every source begun,
A planet new shall circle round the sun.
Though far beyond the path by Neptune tread,
Whose present path shall be its path instead;
For Neptune then condensed shall near the sun,
Where Herschel is the last in turn shall run,
And each successor to the other fall,
Till place of one shall be the place of all;
And each successive to the other run,
And each successive enter in the sun.

BEELZEBUB.

A SOUL who from the higher regions came,
Possessed at once a high and godly flame,—
He sought the genial and the temperate zone,
As spirits do who from those worlds are flown :
His praises spread through every region broad,
Men came to see, to wonder, and applaud ;
But ignorant still was every one who came,
And wonder spread how earth produced the
flame.

Caught with the praise of men, this spirit bright
Partook the same with rapture and delight ;
For it is said that he in pain discerned
The higher seat from which he thence was
spurned,
And only godlike acts and deeds could do,
From earth to raise and hence restore him to,
Which in his soul was ever his desire,
But labor, too, must first of all inspire.

His work was this: he must in truth delight,—
Press to that end and grapple with the right,
That earth might see beyond its lowly sphere,
And more of Nature to mankind make clear.
He labored on, though found in earth a joy,
Partook the same, and fell to its alloy.
In age he died of years the number spent,
The soul returned, but back to earth was sent,
Was born a man of ordinary flame,
Below the first, but still a man the same.
Now things obscured present themselves anew,
And scarce a dream of former things he drew;
But labored on, and menial was his sway,
By night obscured and darkness in the day.
At last, when age had crept along apace,
No good remained but darkness did efface.
Death called anew, and on the spirit fled,
Men saw him fall and numbered with the dead.
The spirit flew, but back to earth was hurled,
A woman's garb around the spirit furled;
Now more obscured and darkness spread around,
Saw men above him, both in strength and
 bound;
Pursued its way obnoxious to the end,
Saw things more clearly and the right defend;

There Nature failed and no impression made,
As early guided so ran the decade.

As man delights to own an all-supreme,
Though vain and idle be the fondly dream ;
As beasts to punish and in turn caress,
The gods do punish and in turn do bless ;
As man to aid and brother man assist,
The weak, the strong, do everywhere exist :
No less the lower aideth man in all,
No less the higher equal each do call.

Without the lower, man could not survive ;
Without the higher, equally would thrive ;
Thus all in all, and all is God we see,
No less in one than in the beast and thee.

Now Beelzebub—for he it was who fell,
No less a Beelzebub art thou as well ;
Not all are Beelzebubs who swarm the air,
Who tread the land or in the sea prepare ;
The moth which rises to celestial fame,
The worm to wing and sodden thought to flame
Are but the types of Nature which conspire
To light the flame as wood transformed to fire ;
The soul to knowledge as the wood to flame,
The latter latent but the former main.

To latent add a friction—let it be
Not fire created but result we see ;
Drop there a stone upon the ocean smooth,
At once the water as with life doth move.
Thus with the soul through all abounding space
Where friction stirs and proper measures place ;
There it partakes as latent heat to flame,
For proper measures here produce the same.
Without a cause the water will not stir,
But proper measures make the water pur.
Stir where you will, let proper measures meet,
As seed to earth, we there a sprout shall greet ;
Or higher in the scale the same unfold,
As flesh to flesh, with proper measures told.
The breeze on water ruffles every flaw,
The beast less often as we higher draw ;
In man we find, as higher in the grade,
A less in number of the species made.
Still higher less, till in the genus found
The poet, painter, and the circle round ;
As flame created and supplied must last,
The soul created vies for separate cast ;
As surface ruffled of the ocean deep,
The cause continued must the ruffle keep ;

As flesh to flesh, when each in turn transpire,
At once produce, as friction to the fire.
Stir but the spot to proper measures bound,
In earth or ocean, and a life is found :
Feed but the flame, and all creation through
Will wave and vibrate wave on wave anew.
Now Beelzebub—which is no separate name—
Saw not the future, but produced a flame ;
Though less of portion less of power he wrought,
The seed once sown in each produced a thought,
Till all exhausted with his present sway,
He plunged beneath and re-appeared to day ;
Woke to the light within the torrid zone,—
Was man again in muscle, flesh, and bone ;
With upright sway was master of an art,
Subdued the beasts, and knowledge could impart.

Now death assailed, as ere is wont to do,
The spirit free to higher regions flew,
But back was sent : to torrid region ran,
And sex produced no longer show the man.
But here was pity, virtue in the creed,
And death assailed when time had brought the
need.

Now overleaped the region of that land,
Sailed forth anew till temperate zone command,
Woke to the flame, and with intent desire
Saw arts abounding with a godly fire;
Pursued the course of honesty and right,
And knowledge gained which quite obscured
the night;
Saw woman bounding from her lowly sphere,
Beyond the flesh to brighter regions clear,
And beckon man whom now she sees below,
Her blissful station late 'twere joy to know.
In Jupiter's bright orb of vapor cast,
Which less condensed than Mars or Pleiades,
She casts a sigh across the wide alcove, [Jove,
And mourns that Earth is more condensed than
For farther from the sun a spirit rests,
More light it hath and more sincerely blest;
For planets when first formed are formed of air,
As Neptune is, they all at first prepare;
There free as thought the spirit soars beyond
The solar system to a neighboring sun;
Returning to its own, and wending through
The solar system and the planets' view.
In visit calls where'er it lists to light,
And sees but shadow, which to earth is night.

FOREVER.

BROAD as the hills of heaven,
And deep as rolling seas,
Are ways of men uneven,
And wilful as the breeze.

Expanded on an outward
Where rolling worlds upheave,
Beyond is truth much doubted,
Believe it if you please.

One rocking and commotion
Eternally doth ring ;
Around its centre motion
✓ All ripening fruits to bring.

O bring us where forever
The one perpetual strain,
And never more to sever,
And never more to wane.

What were it without pleasure—
Man's honest, low divine?
O may it never, never
The chord of love untwine.

When earth forgets its lowness,
And hearts at once ascend,
O may it ever, ever
The wrongs of men amend.

Beyond us lies in wasteful
Pleasures broad and long;
O may it, may it hasteful
Our path of thorns enthrong.

That far beyond the dwelling
Of man and beast divine,
The truth so ever graceful
Man's knowledge more incline.

That through the spheres of heaven
And universal main,
The wings of angels beating,
And glory through proclaim.

When all shall there be equal,
 Ascending far above ;
Forgetful of the sequel,
 Which taught us first to love.

Where man shall e'er in pleasure,
 For nothing else there is ;
Shall wish no more for leisure,
 Above its lowness vise.

Expanded and enlarged,
 His proper sphere to rise,
And place him in the garden
 Of saints celestial wise.

No more the spirit lightly
 Shall tread uneven paths,
But ever on and sprightly
 The glorious highness has.

Why linger on in sorrow,
 When worlds around present
The highest bliss of Nature,
 To spirits there intent.

So lowly and so wretched,
Forlorn and define;
In pain, and grief, and sorrow,
Forever to divine.

Why not ascend the footing
Which leadeth up aright,
And showeth all of Nature
A wretched soul's delight?

Thy own, thy former blessing,
Oh lower not to fall;
Ascend, ascend it quickly,
Or thou art lost to all.

The lower is but darker,
Obscured from Nature's light;
Where wretched sounds shall haunt
thee,
And phantoms will affright.

O shun it, shun it dearly
The price of death is bought,
Nor with thyself severely
Perpetual darkness sought.

When entering in the mansions
Which all around present,
One livid bloom eternal
The sons of heaven invent.

Like crystals in a fountain,
Like sapphires in the sea,
Like gold within the mountain,
Is this eternity.

Of preciousness there gathered
By labor of the saints ;
Not as the earth so lowly,
With putrid drosses taints.

There worlds without a number,
Of precious gems and ore ;
Like forests with their lumber,
Of surplus still give more.

Full towering and ascending,
Like mountains on the plain ;
And youthfulness resembling
All carnal portions slain.

There spirits walk uprightly—
The highest of the race ;
And Nature ever flushing,
The truths of Nature taste.

Like messengers on errands,
The saints are outward sped
Unto the worlds all carnal,
That they may back be led.

Not of the reign celestial,
But lower in the scale ;
Not as the low terrestrial,
Though to terrestrial vale.

They forth unseen descending,
And witness of their flight,
Are myriads ever lending,
Thier truth to aid from night.

As Christ in truth descended,
So all descend as well ;
But not all sons are earthly,
As farther down are fell.

Thus every world presenting
As various as its ore,
Or foliage on its surface,
Are sons of heaven more.

Like worlds around us floating,
The myriads that to view,
The dazzle and commotion
Of all eternal through.

O feign not a beginning,
Nor ending yet to come;
O feign not aught destroyed,
Eternally are one.

Thyself shall never slumber:
In ever onward course
Thy every action daily
Shall speed thee on with force.

As earth around its centre,
Oh, blinded to the view
Are sons of earth in darkness
The life eternal through.

O! much deserve thy wishes,
Ascending quickly forth;
When death shall come and hasten,
To speed thee on thy course.

When Christ had come unto the coast,
Of Ceasarea Philippi,
He questioned his disciples all,
As, "who say men am I?"
But dwelling on the question long,
Each feared to tell a lie.
"But whom say ye, in plainer terms,
He questioned one and all:
And Simon Peter, answering, said:
"I'll dare thee Christ to call."
"Such pluck," cried Christ, "and courage too
I've never dared advance,
But on this rock I'll build my church,
And now we'll have a dance."

SUPERSTITION.

THE Christian cries aloud for aid,
To crush the pagan's faith ;
The pagan in return is heard,
That his alone is worth.

The Jew in bitter scorn cries out,
"Ye cursed of the land ;
No power is in your righteousness,
And all but we are damned."

"All men are damned, the Christian cries,
Who place their faith abroad ;
And not in Christ, the man we choose,
And know no other God."

If one be damned, then all be damned,
Their curses are but true ;
How forcibly they feel the shock,
And science cries, "'t is you."

Naught on the earth, above, below,
Nor in creation found,
Can raise the soul above its sphere,
But knowledge more astound.

With honesty and pureness wrought,
Alone shall save decay ;
And wake the soul to brighter worlds,
And short shall be the way.

IRELAND.

Is there another starry sphere,
Within the solar bound,
Where superstitions keep men low,
As on the earth are found.

Go first to China's wide domain,
And India's sunny side,
Where Boodh ever holds the reign,
Or pagoda decide.

Where Afric's superstitions low,
Are fitted to the race,
And Europe's sons no higher go,
Than imagery to trace.

See Ireland's head with shame bowed down,
By superstitious rule ;
And hear the cry which sounds aloud,
'Tis England's sturdy rule.

Yet naught but faith keeps Ireland low,
Let science enter in,
Establish schools throughout the land,
There England has not sinned.

Save that it be to crush the rule,
Of their abounding shame,
And rid the land of filthy trust,
Vile popedom is thy name.

Shall fair America be spread,
With superstition o'er ;
'Twere better far to crush the rule,
Though " God " be known no more.

Than fair America should lie
With Ireland in the dust ;
With Italia's sunny land to vie,
A token of their lust.

West ho ! ward ho ! you filthy tribe,
Leave degradation back ;
Disowned by every son, abide
Within your filthy wreck.

Though Ireland from degraded hand,
Is rising in the scale,
The Protestant in other land,
Thy deadly weapons quail.

Though still augmented be thy crew,
As in the ship of fate,
The swelling tide will raise thee up,
And all thy sails inflate.

Wherein is it above thy might ?
Not in religion scanned,
But in the freedom which it gives,
Of less religion planned.

IMPERFECTION.

WHERE has Nature made a difference,
In the outcast all disown;
And the son whose stately lineage,
Traces back through ages flown.

Could you mark the one by nature?
Or has man that boundary made?
Pity there your heart should soften,
Honor here your soul evade.

We are not all Nature's judges,
And should not that power assume,
When the brother and the bastard,
None distinguish in the tomb.

Thus it is with king and bondsman,
Nature has not made a way;
And the bondsman, once degraded,
Rises king in future day.

Let the honor and the blessing,
Rest on earth with man alone;
Imperfection marks the difference,
But with nature there is none

RELIGION.

RELIGIONS are a curse to all mankind,
From China's shore to Afric's torrid clime ;
From India's superstitions of the soul,
To Christian faith, one wave o'er all doth roll.
Forgiveness is the root-like branches spread,
The many forms which from the root are fed,
Whose poisonous vapors overlap the land,
And science bleeds from lack of strength to
stand.

There learning dare not come save where it be
A later shoot: As children on the tree.
And now with nets they compass it around,
Forbid, chastise, and watch each playful
bound ;
Well knowing that in time 'twill further see,
But while a child they grant it liberty.

Holy father, pope divine.
Cursed of the earth are thine,
False thy bearing and pretention,
Foul thy dogma and invention.

See the horde who flock around thee,
Lowest of the earth attend thee,
Low in ignorance and despair,
And thy aim to keep them there.
Raise them, and thy power is gone,
Crush them, and thou livest on ;
Were there one eternal power,
Thine were death within an hour ;
But in nature man is free,
Grant him then his liberty.

IGNORANCE.

THE half of all mankind are selfish still,
To make men low is their abounding will ;
That they may soar above, nor equal be,
And thus are men deprived of liberty.
Ground to the dust by tyrants of a creed,
Who would them teach that ignorance is need ;
But know the truth, and soar above their shame,
For they who teach you aim themselves to reign ;
Compare thy face with their's, thine is the least,
Their's as a gods, but thine is as a beast's.

Why has not Nature made thee equal there?
Because thou hast but labored to their share.
Search nature through, learn every part and
 know
That ignorance dooms thee to perpetual woe.

ENERGY.

THAT mind and body be distinct,
Is evident to see;
Since one will not support the whole,
If other idle be.

Then fear not labor which gives strength,
To every muscle through;
And full one-third of all thy time,
Give mental culture to.

'Twill raise thee from that beastly pall,
To energy and fame;
Thy countenance will mark each step,
Nor prove thy efforts vain.

THE WILL.

WERE man so high that Nature's law,
Fit his condition here,
That were the highest grade to know,
Existent of the sphere.

Naught but the deed should bring disgrace,
In him who perpetrates ;
The bastard then, in truth is free,
The birth of Christ elates.

Then turn not him away, who has
No sin wherewith to show ;
For laws of men are mortal all,
Nor justice meet below.

THE CYCLE.

WOULD Nature ope the portal door,
That man might see within,
One family great to him would seem,
And universal din.

Far to the right and left to view,
And far beneath him down,
The pure in knowledge, high and great,
The soul's immortal crown.

All wonder cease, for justice then
Would seem on every hand ;
Nor laws of men contending with
The laws of Nature grand.

No more the husbandman would hope,
Through penitence to gain
The harvest, where neglecting he
Had failed to sow the grain.

Though greater labor shall make good,
Thy much neglected part ;
And since the earth rewards thy hand,
With harvest for the draught ;

And as the cycle round of time,
Makes all things new at last,
The soul from lowest depths shall rise,
With truth again to grasp.

CHRIST.

WEARY and worn with the cares of this world,
He fled to the wilderness far ;
To fast and to pray within its broad depths,
That nothing his spirit might mar.

My office to fill is at hand,
And hence to the field I will go ;
No more I will dream in the land,
But go forth with my sickle to sow.

Then sowed he the word of the times ;
More faithful than ever before,
Was sown through spirit divine ;
But after one harvest come more.

PERFECTION.

PERFECTION lies in this, the mind,
In knowing cause shall not be grieved ;
But imperfection ruleth man,
Eternal change on either hand,
Though ignorance must his sense bereave

Is there a God but pity feels
For man whose needless tears fall oft ;
The weight which in the balance falls,
Beneath its opposite but calls
For justice, not for tear or scoff.

Thus are all actions daily weighed,
And weak the mind that sheds a tear ;
Gold has its value with all ores,
As men on two feet, beasts on four,
Why have the fishes none or more ?

Thus every part on other bears,
In equal justice ever found ;
And grief is but the lowly state,
Of human nature from the great,
And thus the difference found.

GREEK AND LATIN.

DEAR consumptive, wilt thou perish?
Greek and Latin will restore thee;
Other things of less importance,
Leave till health and strength come o'er
thee.

Six full hours commence at sunrise,
Exercise thy chest with labor;
Say, "good morning, doctor, emph'size,
Please, sir, call on the next neighbor."

If thy neighbor be consumptive,
One month's work will make thee stronger,
Just run in, and say: "O! see me,
I have no physician longer."

Give her first a dose of Latin,
Then of Greek a little stronger;
They'll at first seem mighty bitter,
Keep it up a little longer.

If the potion will not cure her,
Then I give my word and honor
Nothing else would have restored her,
But the same a little stronger.

TROUBLE.

WHEREVER trouble wrecks the mind,
Behold that mind is wrong ;
As with the body, when disease,
Prepares with lash and thong.

Though foulness rage on every hand,
And pestilence abound,
The system pure within itself,
No danger shall be found.

Though lack of energy and thought,
Prepares it for disease,
And thus the mind with tempest wrought,
Is ever ill at ease.

To cleanse its foulness, should undo
The many wrongs within ;
And if unable those to reach,
Let goodness now begin.

For Nature governs as a whole,
The deeds which it has wrought ;
If this be good, and that be ill,
To even balance brought.

Then pain must harrass still the mind,
No higher in itself,
Than when it reached this lowly sphere,
And hence as now an elf.

But if the life be strewn with good,
And little evil found ;
The greater wisdom it hath gained,
And knowledge more profound,

Shall added be beyond as here,
And lift the soul above
Its present low and painful sphere,
To more sincerely love.

POSITION.

EARTH's small place in constellations,
We may judge its worth thereby ;
And the souls which it inherit,
Of our present destiny.

Like a mighty ship of ocean,
Laden with all grades of worth,
On the besom of its motion,
Playful is the mighty earth.

Now ascending wave it rises,
Falling in the mighty vale ;
All that's in its course it prizes,
Weathering out the mighty gale.

FAITH.

FAITH is a tyrant, a libertine free,
An ancient deceiver—seen chiefly in thee ;
It magnifies greatly, diminishes now,
A slayer of freedom, of justice and law.
It sets on the fool like a new-fitting gown,
And magnifies bastards to godly renown.
Though scorned by the highest, it lingers
below,
Like filth in the gutter, it leadeth to woe ;
It buildeth up kingdoms and whoreth around,
Till light is made darkness, and tyrants
abound.

TRUTH.

EARTH's great joy lies deep in wonder.
Mysteries everywhere present ;
Beauties in the dust asunder,
Beauties of the spheres invent.

Like lost dreamers we all listen,
To the chords which strike our ear ;
Catching this and that asunder,
Every rustle that we hear.

Truth itself were not so pleasing,
Its dull chord were not the joy ;
That the gentle lie deceiving,
First to please, and then annoy.

UNIVERSES.

How hard to comprehend the truth,
Which round us reigns sublime ;
The mighty worlds in space which move,
Majestically divine,

Are but for men to comprehend,
A little space beyond ;
The measured tread of earth around,
Our solar system's sun.

While neighboring worlds with us surround,
Partake its light and joy ;
And many souls within its bounds,
Find peace without alloy

What better system than our own ;
Would parent seek another ?
Or rest within till met again,
The father, son, and brother.

Would the world were elevated,
To the truth which lies beyond ;
Will it not that point more hasten,
That we all may think as one ?

Then obscured no more our vision ;
See the systems move sublime ;
As the knowledge which earth gives us,
Of their workings and design.

Little clusters now appearing,
Universes far in space,
And the solar, no more less so,
Making light the darkened waste.

O, perfection ! where thy ending ?
Shall we not thy greatness know ?
Or, as ants upon a hill-top,
Dazzled by man's greater show.

THE THREE CONDITIONS.

THREE links of Nature's endless chain,
Belong to every man ;
To woman two, to children one,
And then we're on the strand.

Each link contains a universe
Of trouble, pain, and woe ;
And why that men inherit three,
Ye women all shall know.

When Mother Eve received Adam,
Good man was he we're told,
The Lord in vision bade her to
The talents all unfold.

She being generous, to her
No favors were denied ;
'Twas then the Lord drew Adam back,
And bid wise Eve decide.

Six shining talents then were hers,
To Adam she gave three ;
But after little Cain claimed one,
And two were left for thee.

WRINKLES.

KNOWLEDGE fills the mind with fatness,
And preserves the flesh from wrinkles;
Like the rain which spreads the leaflet,
And preserves, the same from kinkles.

Knowledge makes its owner handsome,
Like the rose when rain descendeth;
And the fields again look gladsome,
When from droughth the freshet rendeth.

Beauty cannot last if learning,
Give to niggardness a portion,
Or dishonesty invadeth
Wrongful actions or extortion.

For the mind preserves the body,
And the face from early wrinkles;
See the pauper on the corner,
How his eye all swollen twinkles.

And his face is ever shrivelled,
And his limbs are weak and limber,
“Will you buy an apple,” cries he,
“To preserve me through December?”

“Nature made me as you see me,”
Says he, when you scorn his offer ;
But no labor to assist him,
Will he take if you will proffer.

There from morn till night he standeth ;
Untold horrors haunt him daily ;
Like the stock his withered branches,
Rattle in the summer gaily.

SILENT CONTEMPT.

WHEN at school in our youth, and a premium on
truth

Was ne'er offered in love-match, or making,
And our giddy heads flew from the false to the
true,

And the spirit of love was awaking,

I ventured to strew o'er the page, on a few

Short lines, that my heart was a-breaking ;

Though I now would advise, all children be
wise,

And not venture to that undertaking.

Like the plane and the screw, and in love so
should you,

Take but a small hold on commencing ;

And soon you will find like the wedge in the
pine,

That her heart has truly no fencing.

But silent contempt can never exempt,

A maiden from age and from wrinkles ;

And when thirty is passed, the die it is cast,

And her bell, no longer it tinkles.

THE CROOKED WAY.

OF all the pains we mortals know,
Which sore afflict the human mind,
I think the love sick soul should have
The sympathy of all mankind.

But like the toothache and the gout,
'Tis kicked and scouted when about ;
So little sympathy I claim,
But make the rhyme and take the blame.

I've stood beside the dying bed,
When friend and foe their earthly shed,
And what I saw upon that shore,
Is what I've suffered, and no more.

But, think the story I relate
Is worse than death in any shape ;
And, to proceed, I must unfold,
And tell the tale so often told.

Her eyes were like the diamond's glow,
Her cheeks were fair as morning's beam,
Her lips wore evening's reddest hue,
With nought of earthly in them seen.

I pressed those lips, I caught the fire,
Those mellow cheeks I dared caress ;
But every pleasure has its pain,
And every sorrow has its rest.

I'll grieve no more, my sorry mind
Shall to a higher flight incline,
And dwell upon the lofty sea
Of things that realized may be.

Next virtue in itself allured,
Where wealth nor beauty had a sway,
As pure as crystal from the fount,
As pure as angel's bright array.

So sudden thrown from off the sea,
From whence I dreamed simplicity
Had built its arbors of repose,
Where man might dwell whene'er he chose.

The first was short and thickly set,
And mighty fond of dress, I own ;
With no deformity, except
That she was rather under-grown.

The last I dare not venture on
An explanation of her charms,
For fear the lovely creature might
Embrace me in her tender arms.

FISHING, No. 1.

ONCE when I chanced to take a stroll
Adown the Avenue,
For fishing and for clamming all,
Just as I used to do ;
A fairy fish with tender form
Attracted me anew.

Says I, " Of all the finny tribe
That plough the waters blue,
Not one so keenly ever pulled,
As this strange fish can do."
She nearly pulled me overboard,
Toward the Avenue.

So when you would a fishing go,
Adown the Avenue,
Evade all glances, for they will
As surely bring you to ;
And you may likewise fall in love,
Upon the Avenue.

And how to remedy the thing
I know no earthly power,
So here, I guess, I'll let it drop,
And seek some other flower;
For when a rose its fragrance shed
'Twere scarce a second joy to wed.

And she has shed that fragrance o'er
The humble and divine,
And where she made her daily walk,
Her many virtues shine;
And none can tell save they who fell,
How steep was the decline.

FISHING, No. 2.

THEN why should he pine since the ocean of
brine

Laves with its bright waters her mansion ;
Where fish on the shore may be seen by the
score,
And the moon on the water comes dancing.

Her mother I love, and her father approve,
While her brothers are far in advancing ;
And her sisters all three are cherubs to see,
But she is the rose them enhancing.

Her temper is sweet, and her mien it is neat,
And her carriage is graceful and charming ;
Her cheeks as the dew and of roses their hue,
And her beauty is truly alarming.

Though roses all four, and each I adore
For her grace, and her wit, and her learning,
And her beauty is more than you'll find in a
score
Of the belles on the street in your turning.

FISHING NO. 3.

THEN how to raise her jealousy,
If any silent lingered :
I thought a second party might,
Be solemnly engendered.
And thus to choose 'twixt friend and foes,
I fixed upon a kindred.

And then says I my dearest L.,
Though what I had not asked her :
If you will now the same extend,
I'd let it all go past her ;
Not dreaming once that jealousy
Could make her fly the faster.

And how on earth I came to stray,
I cannot now imagine ;
'Twas surely not the love I owed,
For she deserved my passion ;
For all the tricks that she had played
Upon his love was smashing.

Not only did the ship I tack,
But the whole fleet assailed ;
Like frozen to the rigging fast
I to her mother nailed :
Like every ship before the gale,
She in the tempest quailed.

Then rounding up I sang ahoy,
And called out to the mate,
Who showed his head above the stern,
But not until too late ;
For all above the water left
Was now his hairy pate.

So sailing back, I quickly furled
Each mainsail fair and tight,
Determined not to venture out,
Unless the wind was light ;
But ere I had my topsail struck,
She'd sunken out of sight.

ETERNITY.

THAT sweet desire which men pursue,
Of an eternal bliss from strife ;
Unmerited they hope to gain
A brighter portion, higher life.

Woe to their fears, their hope shall fail,
As nature speaks the truth we know,
For in each face is plainly seen
Its future happiness below.

Cast forth your idols to the dust,
They make the wretched soul to bow ;
For not a gift unmerited,
Has nature stamped upon thy brow.

Thy soul is small, and to augment
A greater knowledge must imbue ;
No longer with thyself content,
For all is given nothing due.

The future is the future's care,
The past beneath thee is forgot,
The present is thy only share,
And gifts celestial wait thee not.

But onward to the bitter end,
Like rust from iron thy talents go :
Till scarce a remnant yet remains,
And thou shalt wake a beast below.

Where justice thou canst not command,
And knowledge wilt not ask thy care,
Death only aims to change the robe,
And fit thy portion to its share.

Thus every life is still a soul,
However small the portion be :
In gods 'tis most, in men 'tis less,
In woman least, till beasts we see.

In each 'tis knowledge most required,
Which is the soul and justice first ;
Without the former all shall lose,
Without the latter all disperse.

However large, however small
The soul in its proportion be,
Still justice ever crowns the whole,
And now is ere eternity.

WOMAN.

TRACE not the face of woman, save for beauty ;
Her robe shall best bespeak her inward sense ;
Though man should prize her virtue more than
duty,
Her face no more than Sirius invents.

While man's, as Mars', which gives us land
and ocean,
Where all his continents are plainly seen ;
But women's universe is one commotion,
With nought but starts of sudden fits be
tween.

Save when the lull of storm, like clearing
weather,
Presents to us a surface far below
Of something real, though it be more of weather,
Land or of ocean that we cannot know.

WORSHIP NONE.

WORSHIP none, be just to all,
For they who worship lower fall :
And he who will be unjust still,
Shall not a place in nature fill.
Gain knowledge first, expand thy mind,
Thy face shall mark each step divine,
That thou a servant may not be ;
For as thou learnest thou shalt see
That nought but knowledge elevates
The soul above destruction's gates.
And they who would in ignorance keep,
And teach that lowliness is meet,
Shall all save ignorance be their guide,
In full destruction e'er abide.

LET US AS WE ROAM.

LET us as we roam along
Life's broad road and thorny path,
Gather roses where they're strewn,
Seal them up with friendship's clasp.
On the lofty mountain's peak,
In the little rivulets dale ;
Where the vulture food doth seek,
Where the timid hare doth quail.
Envy, hatred, malice, fear,
Cannot enter while they're here :
Love hath sent them to calm strife,
May we gather all our life,
Make them into golden cords,
Wreath a sheath for every sword.

WHEN TIME IS OLD.

WHEN time is old and things decay,
When shattered is this form of clay,
Why then desire to still remain,
Or why desire this mortal frame,
Save as a mere precedenture?
The new shall make the old secure,
And pruned and trimmed with gentle care,
Thy boy shall show thy wisdom fair,
And ripen by a longer time
Than had completed all in thine.
For nations have succeeding rose,
And all that's gained preceding those :
Who follow after is retained
Until the pinnacle is gained.

THE BREEZE THAT FANS.

THE breeze that fans the ocean fans the barque,
'The sun that lights the system lights each part ;
And to describe the limits of the soul,
One must describe existing nature's whole.
So that which gives vitality to you,
Gives me the same and all creation through :
Were all one system, but one life remained,
But many parts divide as many brains ;
Subdue them all and all to one return,
As many fires run into one will burn.
Subdue the fire constituents yet are seen,
The smoke ascends with heat it intervenes ;
While of the residue akin the soil,
A fit resemblance of our mortal coil.

WHEN THE BRAIN.

WHEN the brain and the nerves and the muscles
all trim,
And the skin tightly closed and the bones set
within,
And the blood in the mother and the child has
one flow,
And the life of the one is the life of the two,
And nominal only it seems to exist,
For the air and the sun has its temples not
kissed,
Nor its eyes felt the flame of the radiant light ;
For all is within and all is yet night,
Like the light on the tree and the light on the
soil,
On the brain it now strikes but again to recoil.
And it matters not where it choose to alight,
'Tis the sensitive touch that giveth us sight ;
The wave on the air that giveth to hear,
If not by us felt to others appear.

NOUGHT ELSE ON EARTH.

NOUGHT else on earth so great I prize
As life, and nothing more despise
Than timid fear when time is o'er,
In him who would the end deplore.
I aim to be as happy now
As when to earth my soul shall draw,
And we receive the flesh dissolved,
No more I ask to be absolved.
Blessed in the present state I see,
A race succeed to higher be,
Who when the time shall re-demand,
Again united I shall stand ;
And in the midst of those who shall
Succeed upon the earth to dwell.

THE CHURCH.

If God is present everywhere,
Then in me must be found
The hill, the mountain, and the tree,
The ocean and the ground.

If God is present everywhere,
Then everywhere is God ;
A liquid in an ore is found,
Chastisement in the rod.

A thought is true till other thoughts
Shall sweep that truth away ;
A man may master of all be,
Till others take the sway.

A truth is still no truth in fact,
But only thus appears ;
And all the truth that now we see,
Shall change with lapse of years.

The thought that man may lead a life
Of wickedness and shame,
And in the end forgiveness see,
And fully thus reclaimed,

First reason and the power of thought
He must of all forego ;
And sin the vilest can commit,
And still for pardon go.

It is a shield to filth and crime,
And harlots enter in
Where virtue is of it no part,
For faith at least shall win.

What then are its constituents,
Or necessary mien,
If not in virtue, knowledge, art,
In works of goodness seen ?

I would as soon believe that rock
Or any other clan,
Could make me spotless, pure and clean,
As Christ or other man.

Nor nature can defy its laws,
Since all its laws are true ;

And therefore god nor other power,
Can pardon sins in you.

Nor nature can defy its laws,
Which on the system tell ;
And all that preachers say is false
Of heaven, earth, and hell.

MOTION.

LIFE is a briny ocean gentle its commotion
Heaving swelling potion and the gentle lotion
Laves us o'er, but its brin surges, wilder sturges
Proclaim us near the shore and its violent surges
Tost us o'er. Gentle its commotion placid ocean
When the billows gently round us swell
And the fearful billow but a pillow mark it well
That the storm though nigh us will but shy us
If we have the rudder staunch and strong
And the mainsail, mizzensail and foresail
And each staysail drawing strong
Thus it is and thus it will be life prolong
And the destined port before us and the des-
tined harbor near us
Lightly shall we skim along staunch and strong

But let any gentle windfall come along
And the gracious lord hath sent it
And the silly flame hath spent it
Spent it, sent it why not hold it
Anguish on the bed foretold it
Burning in the socket strong round and long
Full and flaring, nature glaring
From the ocean earth and skies
From the fullness of its bosom
Like the tree unto its blossom
Stars surrounding, nature bounding
Planets traverse to and fro, systems moving
All approving as they go
Were the earth to lose attraction
Would the planets cease their action
Would the systems move if so
Would the apple have its flavor
If the tree had lost its savor
Would the ocean bear its fishes if its oxygen
should pass
Or the atmosphere survive 'us, or its nitrogen
enlive us
Or its hydrogen remain then unconsumed?
We are thus but parts of either

And the absence show that neither
Earth nor ocean, planet, motion could endure
And since man is all endowed with
Why should he in absence proud with
Be of that which has endowed him
To support a flame so wrong.
From the pulpit comes the warning
Dark and yearning to obey
And to follow like the swallow
But to follow and to prey
Prey upon the weak and fallow
And the tallow take do they.

DIGESTION.

The mother sees her babe most gradual rise,
Resolving into parts before her eyes.
Its step, its lip, its eye no longer know
The stubborn stiffness which at first did show :
Each limb conspires with action from the heart,
The seat of life and all most vital part.
The lungs forbear the rough and sudden
breath

Which waft with pinions on the wings of death,
And herbs and roots regardless where they
grow,

Or of their merit, or aught else we know
Are summoned to the kettle with no chart
Save that which now pervades the mother's
heart.

Instinctive love with reason ne'er confound
To ward disease or vapor of the ground ;
She thinks that reason is all nature's fool,
And common sense to her self love a tool.
The doctor comes all sudden from his chest,
This is his business, and this is his list :
Another pill would drive disease away,
But now the doctor lingers for his pay.
The mother, meanwhile, with a goose's sense,
Awaits his coming with a long suspense ;
Perchance at night she covers it with down,
Another night the warmth has brought a frown :
Then sheets are added, and all cotton stuff,
Another from the infant is enough,
She quick removes the woollen from the bed,
Nor more is left than is upon her head.
Now fever reigns and heat it has enough,
For nature quick conforms to every stuff ;

Nor more is wanted but the doctor paid
Returns again and summons all his aid.
The pills and plasters in a stream do flow,
From head to foot in quick succession go ;
The pills to purge, the plasters to assist,
And common sense is all that he has missed.
He knows that pills and plasters bring him pay,
Which common sense would guide another
way ;
Had first the mother sought digestion's aid,
The cough had ceased and well the doctor
paid :
But all assistance other leads to death,
Which doctors love, and money stops the breath,

PREFACE.

In republishing this pamphlet, I have only to say that I claim as discovery only that which has not previously been discovered, and I would add that life is proportional to the rapid condensation of the planets; and as nearer the Sun we approach, the smaller in stature men will be, and the shorter in life. I claim what I have written, and the future will justify it.

ISAAC M. INMAN.

Life, and the Planets' Vicissitudes.

MERCURY.

Mercury is the most ancient of all planets known to the inhabitants of the earth, with one or two exceptions: it can have but very little water or atmosphere, and therefore but very little life remaining upon it. This planet represents the old man whose life is nearly ended; care rests upon his brow; at a short distance ahead he views the churchyard into whose bosom all his race must shortly enter, and where all his predecessors have found a resting place.

VENUS.

Venus is less condensed than Mercury, but more than the Earth; has less atmosphere and ocean than the Earth, but higher

life upon it: few animals but many men, and all of them philosophers and poets. It is rapidly gaining on Mercury, and Mercury is rapidly approaching the Sun.

THE EARTH.

The Earth is a satellite, and like all satellites it revolves more rapidly than the planet about which it moves, hurling over and over in rapid succession to keep pace with its superior: for the motion of all regular planetary bodies is in exact proportion to the bulk, weight, and amount of matter in the nuclei or condensed parts of such bodies: and since each one holds its place in exact proportion to its own condensation, they must all move with an equal and uniform speed, planet around the Sun and satellite around its centre object; thus we at once have a more perfect system of measurement, so simple that every school-boy may calculate the diameter of the nucleus, and distance from the Sun of

every planet within the solar system, when once known how often in a given time that planet revolves upon its axis; and if we could think that there is no imperfection in nature, we would be compelled to admit that there is another satellite on the opposite side of the Moon from the Earth, which scatters darkness from the tedious lunar light.

THE MOON.

The Moon, owing to its vast size, must needs be more condensed than Venus, Earth, or Mars, to approach so near the Sun as we find it, and it may be, even, as much condensed as Mercury; there can be but little water and atmosphere, and therefore but little vegetation, and in truth but little life of any kind upon it, for a planet meets with as great a desolation in the end as in the beginning. Its bulk is $27\frac{1}{3}$ times that of the Earth.

MARS.

Mars is far less condensed than any of the planets between it and the sun; it must, therefore, have vast oceans and abundance of atmosphere, luxuriant vegetation, a great many animals of low life and habits, and but very few, if any, as high as man upon it ; though it needs but time to develop its races, and when it shall have become so far advanced as to reach the place and position which Earth now holds, and the vital part of the atmosphere, ocean and vegetation be confined to a smaller compass by reason of the condensation of its meaner parts, of which the greater portion is now in a fluid state ; men shall tread the soil and science shall be their pleasure.

THE ASTEROIDS.

The larger a planet, the farther from the Sun it will rest, condensation consid-

ered ; thus the Asteroids, being small, approach nearer to the Sun than the other superior planets beyond Mars; though the nuclei of these planets must be very small, yet large enough, and heavy enough to sink them half way to the Sun ; had either of them as much atmosphere as Mars, it would float beyond Neptune. The theory that they are pieces of a huge planet, which through some mishap, has been shivered to atoms, is as absurd as it would seem unreasonable.

JUPITER.

The planet Jupiter represents the young man in all his glory; the freshness of youth still lingers about him, his assistants, four in number, wait upon him. And here it may be well to remark that planets never have children, and their father is the Sun, which will be explained hereafter; and as natural as it would seem, the more youthful and stronger they are, the

greater the number of assistants it is necessary that they should have about them to give them light, but when they have become old and hardened and have approached so near the Sun as to require less assistance than they formerly did, they cast off the greater number of these instructors and allow them to shift for themselves; thus we find the Moon with not more than two remaining about it, while some, as Mercury and Venus, have preceded it, if indeed one or more has not already entered the Sun, and one of all yet remains behind.

We are told that Jupiter revolves upon its axis in a little less than half the time that the Earth requires to revolve upon its; therefore the land and water of Jupiter must be about half the dimension of Earth's land and water, and most likely but very little land, but most of that bulk water; the atmosphere of necessity is very dense, so much so that clouds are seen floating upon it, while the atmosphere of the Earth is so rarified that clouds sink

into it, and in many places actually rest upon the dry land. There can be but little vegetation and few land animals upon Jupiter, though large and numerous are the fishes that abound in its ocean.

SATURN.

Saturn, the beautiful, surrounded as it is by three of the emblems of universal motion, and eight of nature's youngest sons, which emblems also represent the three great changes that all planets undergo, from their original formation till they reach the Sun; the first ring may be compared to the vast body of nebulous matter, the second to Jupiter partially condensed and nearly half its course run, the third, or innermost one, to Mercury, whose adamantine firmness nothing but fire can dissolve.

URANUS.

Uranus is still less condensed than Saturn; atmosphere and ocean are its main characteristics as distinguished from land and vegetation; fishes abound in its ocean, but of a very diminutive character; no birds circle its broad depths, and nature reigns supreme; but even the fishes are cared for since the planet has four satellites which reflect the light back and forth through the dark waters below.

NEPTUNE

Neptune, owing to its inferior strength and demands, is not known to have but one satellite. Could we visit this planet we would see nature displayed in its most youthful grandeur; vague resemblances of what is to fill its vast atmosphere and diminutive ocean; but ages must elapse, cycles roll round, and the Earth, with all that precedes it, be received into the arms

of that from which we derive light and heat, strength and support, ere the nations of Neptune shall have grown to know that it is wrong to devour one another, and if life be not the least worthy of all nature's accomplishments, it is a sin in him who participates in its destruction.

COMETS.

A Comet is a world which has strayed from its system, having been launched off into space by some dreadful catastrophe, most likely from the cooling down of its Sun for a lack of fuel to support the flame, thereby diminishing the power of attraction and placing the planet in a position unable longer to hold its place, and since the nucleus of a Comet is so small and its atmosphere so abundant, it is evident that it has been the outmost planet of its system which would be in such an event the first to leave a Sun; having once got loose, there would be nothing in space to detach the atmosphere from the body until it drew

near a system whose influence in attraction would be much greater upon the nucleus than upon the atmosphere, and since it would have gained, already, a wonderful speed in its descent, which would be greatly increased the nearer it approached a Sun, it is not strange that the nucleus should be drawn from its atmosphere, nor that the Comet should not be drawn into the Sun by the power of attraction, since the unprepared state of the nucleus would not allow it to enter, but the force which it would have already attained would cause it to rebound from the Sun with nearly the speed with which it approached, and in its return it would, by the force of its own attraction, collect the larger part of its atmosphere, though it could not regain all, as a part would be taken up by the system through which it passes.

AEROLITES AND THE SUN.

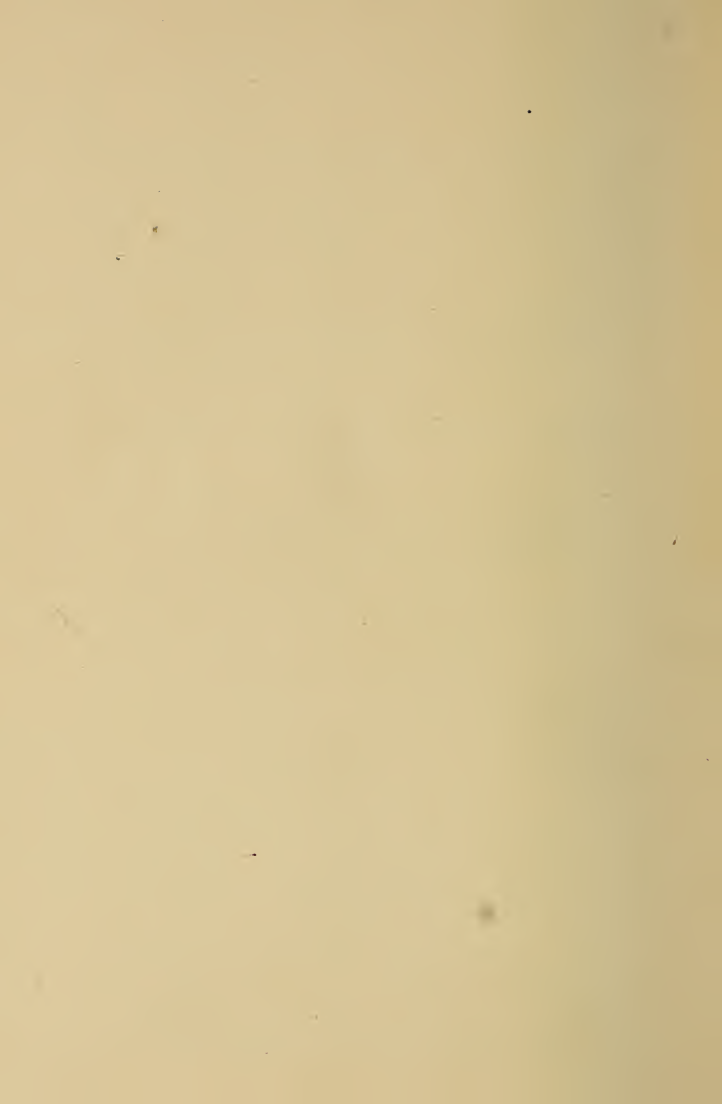
The Sun is the great store-house of the solar system, the receiver and dispenser of all things material within it, and the agent of motion; receiving only that which is entirely condensed into the firmest solidity and without atmosphere or ocean, for the latter it cannot receive, as that is the very substance which it is the duty of the Sun to generate from that which enters into it of which in the generation it transforms to heat and light, the former containing all substances which are known to the system, and which immediately pass from the Sun, the larger part soon collecting from its own adhesiveness into small patches or bodies, which are immediately solidified and return to the Sun as Aerolites in currents analogous to our trade winds, and which go to feed the flame, in the interval of ages which must elapse between the entering of planets into the Sun, while a part of that substance thrown out by the Sun is not returned so soon, but

reaches the outward course of the solar system, where, by the coldness of space, it is condensed into a state of nebulous matter, where it remains until collected into one huge mass, thus assured against immediate consolidation, it gradually approaches the Sun.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

The father of knowledge is science,
 The mother, religion, is strong,
 The father produces alliance,
 The mother close follows along.
 When often he chooses to woo her,
 She frizzles and frozzles enough ;
 And nothing but presents will coo her,
 And nothing that's modern she'll trust.
 Unable at once to distinguish
 The good from the evil around,
 She threatens the whole to extinguish,
 And over the present to bound.
 But after the many perfections
 Are given, in triumph she flies ;
 No longer content to woo her,
 He forces, and pregnant she lies

THE CAPTIVE.



THE CAPTIVE,

FALLEN SPIRITS,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Isaac M.
By INMAN.

NEW YORK:
459 BROOME STREET.

1870.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by

ISAAC M. INMAN,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the
Southern District of New York.

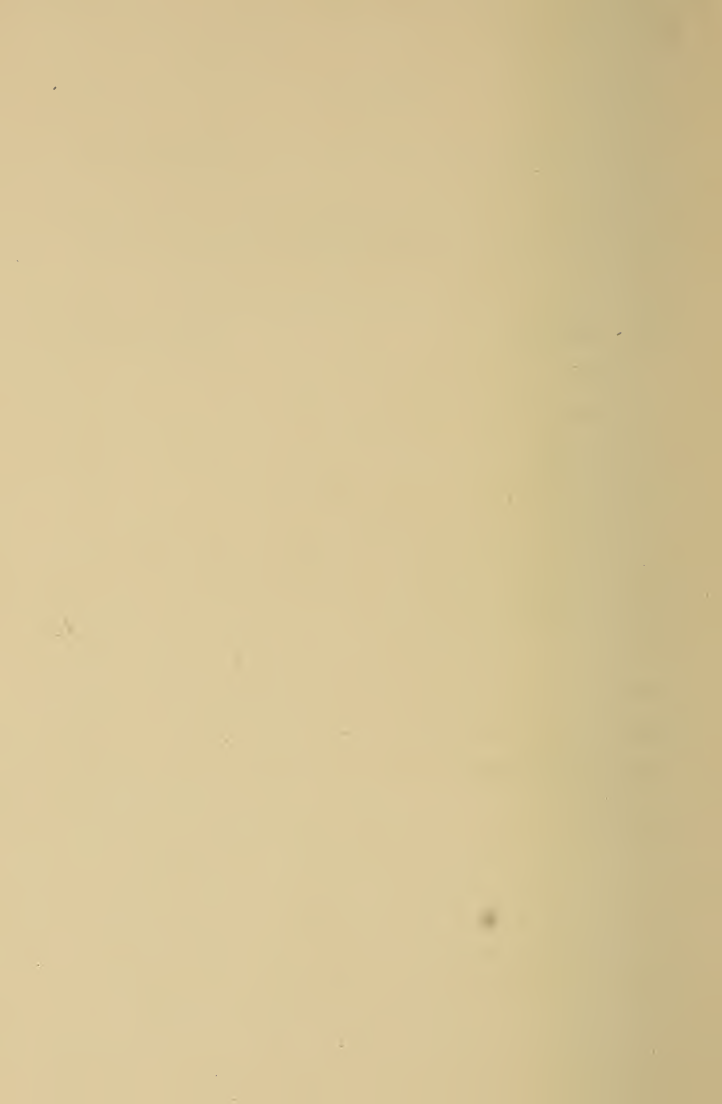
PREFACE.

IN presenting this little book to the public, I feel confident that the former part of it, "The Captive," which is designed to portray the feelings and desires of the soldier in battle, will meet with sympathy at the hands of those who have survived our late struggle for national honor, and also with the friends of those who fell therein; in which I hope, as it were, we may again follow them over the hard-fought field, and meet them in the merry camp. And to him who, when colonel in the Ninth Regiment of New Jersey Volunteers, won for himself as a leader an undying reputation, and when justice rewarded him with a wider sphere of honor, faithfully accomplished her ut-

most demands,—to him, the valiant General C. A. Heckman, I would most respectfully inscribe this volume, of which a part aims to prove that not only is the soul immortal, but that from all time it has existed.

CONTENTS.

THE CAPTIVE	PAGE
PART I	9
PART II.	15
PART III	23
PART IV	33
PART V.	41
THE PASSION	49
TEMPTATION	51
LUST	53
HOPE	55
MAN	57
FALLEN SPIRITS	59
EARTH	67



THE CAPTIVE.

PART I.

IN the Rebellion of Eighteen Sixty-One,—
A war in which example found a son ;
A son that had had birth though long before,
But now whose brightness made the world's obscure ;

Obscure in generous deeds, in pity shown,
A conqueror's triumph, and a mother's boon ;
A boon that taught the world to mercy show,
A triumph that from the world is reverence
due,—

Off a small town, its name we'll not record,
A blockade-runner had for days been moored.
And be it known, since eighteen sixty-one,
That many cargoes from that port had gone.
And in despite the blockade of the pass,

Whose mighty strength with sparrows had to
grasp ;

Yet, they the noblest prizes oft would gain,
But oftener used their mighty strength in vain.
And pierced was she by many a shot and shell,
And many a marksman had a tale to tell,
Which always ended, as a last resort,
That his best shots had generally fell short.
Her spars were of the stoutest timber made,
Her engine large, and therein power displayed ;
Her hulk was iron, those parts exposed to view
Were sheathed with steel, thereby defiance drew.
The crew were trusty, most of Southern birth,
The officers were men of previous worth.
The day 'd been spent in preparation for
A quick departure ere the night was o'er ;
And with the latter came dark, lowering clouds,
Which did the whole in darkness quickly shroud.
Yet naught was heard on board that truant craft,
Save a low moan, as the thick smoke waft
From the large red pipes which as quick did
fill,

And joined in chase to the far-off hills.

'Twas ten o'clock ; no ray of light was seen
On board the ship from topmast to the beam.

The surge, the spray, and the crashing sound,
Were evidence plain, the wheels moved round.
An hour elapsed, when a bright flash gave
A glimmering light on the silvery wave ;
And another that followed the former told
That she had been spied by the sentinels bold ;
But with every sail crowded and steam at the
highest,
She was when espied to the blockade the night-
est.

The dawn of morn when it had broken forth,
Showed that the ship was on her seaward course.
While a stout breeze from off the land did blow,
Which mingled various odors with its glow,
Of clover, grain, and many a floweret green,
From hill and valley, dale and blooming glen.
The captain from the deck espied the sails,
And then the watery space his eyes assail ;
And glee prevailed among the rugged crew,
And each on board a share of pleasure drew ;
Excepting one, a lovely loving maid,
Whose winning grace and beauty seemed un-
staid,
And questions all did modestly evade.
The truth be told, in telling we'll unfold

The truth of all, and how the captain bold
Had thought with money and his arts to bring
This lovely maiden to the vilest thing;
And of the rest how it to her befell
To be a captive from a Southern hell.
Whose father, mother, brothers, sisters all,
Were forced to either fly from home, or fall
A prey to insult, death, or else to be
In common cause of Southern chivalry.
In language rough, each word with terror strown,
The captain bade her to him frankly own
Why she, his slave, should thus to all rebel;
And warned her of the prison chains and cell,
A place in which he kept his fools and knaves,
And where he 'd banish her, rebellious slave,
Unless in deed and word she there would claim
Him rightful owner of herself and name.
“A slave, thou hardened villain, call me such,
I'll not unto thee bow, a wretch thou art.”
On saying which, she to the cabin sprang,
And did from out a brace of pistols bring.
Quick as the lightning splits the flying breeze,
She forced him backward down upon his knees.
“A slave thou sayest, hereby acknowledge all,
Or by the virtue of these weapons fall.”

“I do,” cried he, “nor wert thou ever bound
To Southern rule, nor Southern slave ere found
One drop of blood that course thy veins so free,
To mingle of his own nor of his race to be.
I do, hereby, I do acknowledge all,
Thou art my preserver, or by thee I fall.”



THE CAPTIVE.

PART II.

RAYMOND JEROME had lasting honor sought,
In many a well-contested battle fought;
And by his manly daring skill so bold,
He did a rank 'mong Union forces hold.
Oft in the hour of solitude, despair,
Or when the day was gained and victory theirs,
His Lillian he had pressed in fond embrace,
The seeming image of her lovely face.
But she a captive to a foreign land was made;
His greatest hope, his earthly pride, his aid.
And ignorant of her fate he yet remained;
Nor she his safe address did know to claim.
The news 'd been spread that ere the day had
 passed,
A battle o'er the land its shade would cast;

And ere the sun had risen were seen combined
Two armies on the field in battle line.

The green and waving grass beneath them
spread,

So cooling to each sturdy foot that tread ;

And o'er a brook from limb to limb they see

Wild grapes in clusters large, delicious, free ;

Which cast beneath a rich and purple hue,

And made the sparkling water purple too.

Now o'er the field a death-like stillness reigns ;

And now behold each rank in blazing flames,

As the huge and smoky cannon's mouth

Rears its bold head o'er forts uncouth,

The laden shell with death is stored

By practised hands without a word.

And when the lighted match is plied,

It rides above the forest tide ;

And leaving smoke and flame behind

With dismal sound its way it winds.

Now comes the prayer regarded due,

O God ! reward the brave and true ;

And may that shell to atoms fly,

And to the hearts of thousands ply

More than the sword can ever do ;

A thousand pieces thrust them through.

Not one be left, not one to tell
The how, or where, or when it fell,
And in their dreams may they be cast
With demons of eternal past;
Not where to go, nor where to fly,
Their condemned cause to justify.
The smoke which lay like dark and thickening
 clouds,
Did o'er each rank its length and breadth
 enshroud,
And as it rose in air o'er foe and foe,
It formed an arch complete between the two.
From each uniting high into the air,
And at its base the ground it scarce did clear,
As if to close them from the outward view
Of man, and earth, and hell, and heaven too.
The sun went down in calm and sweet serene,
And darkness closed the day, a bloody scene;
While under cover of the night each foe in-
 trenched,
If possible with hail of iron his hope to wrench.
While every dish of tin and bayonet bright,
Were used as spades from close of day till light,
To form a work of sand and hard-packed clay,
At which the enemy might batter the next day.

And when the sun had risen bright and clear,
It made the dew-drops glistening to appear
Like sparkling gems of different shade and
hue,

As diamond crystals mixed with rubies through.
For by each man who fell there was a pool,
Or stream, all clotted with his life-blood cool ;
Whose stiffened form bespoke the luckless day
To him and his, with naught gained but delay.
Cries of the dying, wounded were in vain,
Who lay between the breastworks' deadly range,
Their limbs all shattered by the ball or shell,
Or body sprinkled in the shrapnells fell ;
Darkness again did close the sickening sight,
Save when the lighted bomb, a ghastly light
Threw o'er the field, a strange and hasty ray,
Or bursting showed more ghastly than midday.
And then the crying, shrieking solid shot,
Like to a thousand demons chained, and not
Allowed to scream, but yell in wild despair,
To prove that hell and death were reigning there.
'Twas morn, and day had shed its light abroad,
Yet darkness lingered, hiding 'neath the fog
Which overhung in gloomy aspect drear
The dead, the dying, and the living there.

The fog and mist seemed thicker much to grow,
When shaded forms of men did plainly show ;
Advancing came the northern ranks in line,
With charge and yell, and double-quick combined.

When from the breastworks of the Southern
lines

Did blaze a stream of fire, that seemed by times
To cause the advancing foe to halt, to reel ;
Yet not to make him make a complete wheel.
The latter scaled the works of the left wing,—
See man to man in deathly combat cling,
And with the butts of rifles, bayonets clear
A hundred death stream paths from front to
rear.

Not so the right, for all in front they lay
Dead, dying, wounded, or broke and fled away.
When to their left the Southern ranks did bear,
From extreme right with shouts that rent the
air.

Like thunderbolts from heaven, forward they
go

On the victorious but the luckless foe.
Compelled to fly before the new assault,
The Unions beat retreat, and the result,

Five hundred Union prisoners of the day,
Five times that number strew the bloody way.
The prisoners then were told to pay their fare,
Which would consist of boots a pair;
Cap, coat, blouse, watch, and blankets,
And in exchange they'd have good wrist-band
clankets.

And also greenbacks, all they had to spare,
As they were extremely current everywhere.
That transportation was an expensive bill,
Especially from Libby to Andersonville,
But if they were stubborn and did not care to
go,

An inn by the way was better, and doubly so;
They'd take less room, besides enrich the soil,
And by their loss no bran or cobs would
spoil.

Jerome, who was among the prisoners found,
Inquired of the commander of the rebel squad,
What grounds there were for their immediate
parole;

Or whether the reverse was manifold.

And in reply was told you know we can't,
It all depends on the damned Butler, Grant.
When they arrived at Richmond they surveyed,

Though right close quarters for it they had,
The rebels' stronghold and its surroundings,
 clad

In glistening armor, which they likened to a pad
Of needles, for in all directions where the eye
Could reach o'er the surroundings far or by,
Was but one motley mass of pits and forts,
Breastworks and batteries of all shapes and sorts,
Extending to the front, rear, and centre,
By which no living foe could pass to enter.
The roll was called of all who 'd prisoners been
Officers, sergeants, corporals, pontoniers, and
 men.

Jerome and five men were then found missing,
Which set the leader of the squad a hissing.
They had escaped when halted for a moment's
 rest

Beside a hill, whose rough and time-worn crest,
Did offer shelter to the beasts around,
And in a crevice of a rock they such had
 found.



THE CAPTIVE.

PART III.

No more, by Lillian, the sea-gull's cry is heard ;
No more she feels the billowy main to surge ;
No more at morn the rising sun does seem
To wake from out its midnight's watery dream :
But unbefriended, far from home, alone,
She hears a language spoken not her own.
A cottage stood beside the lonely way,
Which quite bespoke to her a lordly sway.
In answer to a summons that she made,
A servant her in English quickly bade,
That she should find the way the best she
could,
When at the door stood near her full in view,
Her captor, Captain Williams, of the ship
Drew !

At seeing her, whom he so late cast forth
To dine on virtue's sweet though scant re-
course ;

Like to his hardened bosom flew a dart ;
Like to his sinful passions beat his heart,
At which he saw confusion round him cast.
But still he pleaded ignorance of the past,
By asking her if she had been forsaken,
Since in his ship she had the passage taken.
Then feigning to be glad that they had met,
And asking her to in the parlor step,
A hundred questions more of her did seek,
Not giving her an equal chance to speak ;
Until his family appeared, to whom,
His wife, their daughter, and their only son,
He introduced with studied words of praise,
Miss Lillian Fordham, of whom, he quickly
said,

Had taken passage, with persons few.
On the last trip with him in the ship Drew.
Mrs. Williams, whose kind and generous heart
Was never known from sympathy to part,
Bade her be seated, and of their blessings share,
Of comfort, peace, and plenty, which were
theirs ;

And that the afflicted might to her disclose
Her pains, her griefs, her sorrows, and her woes,
Their daughter, Miss Williams, the gentle
Adalene,—

A fairer form than hers was never seen :
Her hair was of the deepest auburn hue ;
Her lips, like rubies, and those rubies few ;
Her eyes were piercing with a jet cast given,
Her features formed ; as though a mould for
seven

Had been concentrated, ere they were begun,
And 'd cast the beauty of the seven in one.
Much like the gentle misty morning dew,
Soft, moist, clear, and much enticing too.
Her step was like the fairy's that 's not heard,
Her voice was as the warbling of a bird ;
And when she sang, all nature seemed to hush
And listen to its own celestial thrush.
But when she spoke, 't was then her heart's de-
sire

Glowed in her breast, an image of her sire.
Her brother William, his tall and manly form
Bespoke the siege of many a wintry storm ;
Not of the years old time 's allotted to his race,
For he had scarce his nineteenth yet embraced ;

But of the rougher usage of the seas ;
For since he'd first forsook his mother's knee,
He'd o'er the rounding waters found his way,
Of every briny ocean felt its spray.
His bark was of the stoutest timber built,
Her cabin decked with gold, and arts in gilt ;
Her model clipper of the latest art,
Her tonnage numbered to the furthest mart
The falling snow showed not on the white
 sails,
She was the captain's pride, the sailor's world.
While he, her master-owner, was at home,
She lay at anchor, as though she ne'er did
 roam,
Much like a wandering sea-bird, when returned
To the calm water, for which it long had
 yearned ;
And quite at loss what next it ought to do ;
To dive, to flutter, or remain just so.
Young Williams, while he cast a piteous eye
On the fair captive, knew not how, or why,
That she had wandered from her home away,
Without a guide, protector, or a stay :
But questioned not, and bade her welcome be ;
Since that his father bade her welcome see.

She could but thank her captor, who through
fear

Had left his 'customed channel the rock to clear,
Which overhung his ship of fate, believing,
That many were the billows round him weaving.
But he was skilled, and many arts could form,
To follow with the sea, which baffled every
storm.

He had the daintiest viands for the board pre-
pared,
And choicest wines that e'er his guests had
shared.

The day 'd been spent, and evening chat begun,
The parlor lighted, and guitar full strung.
Adalene, her vocal powers were such,
That every string would answer at their touch,
And yet so airy that it scarce was heard,
Except by those who knew the signal word.
The captive who had felt the strange respond,
Was want to know where arts like these were
found :

When Adalene, then straightway forth did
send,

That fairies on her ladyship attend.

FIRST FAIRY.

When lovers meet to string their harps anew,
And shaded groves re-echo with the night bird's
 song.

SECOND FAIRY.

'Tis then spirits waft the gentle dew,
And zephyr breezes from our pinions strong.
 Spirit of the deep attend.

THIRD FAIRY.

And I'll your Father's guardian spirit send.

With trembling steps, the captain left the
 room,
And fain would 've breathed a bare excuse, but
 soon
A sound like rushing winds and waves was
 heard,
'Mid screams and yells, and hisses loud, which
 stirred
The very house upon its firm foundation,
And threw them all into a consternation.

Adalene did then request the spirits all,
That they'd depart, not on the house to fall.
The more she plead, the louder they would
hiss,

And cry, "Beware, O captive! oh! beware of
this;

Thy captor and his son have just combined
To make thee wretched, and in a foreign clime
Conceal thy form, amid their real design,
For William's pleasure. Do not let thy own
Sweet face be centre of his foreign home."
The fairies vanished, and Lillian was aware
That none, save she, had heard the guardians'
care.

All had retired, and in the stillness of the night,
By the stars' pale glimmer, and the moon's dull
light,

She dreamed she saw a flying cloud go past,
While streaks of forked lightning, thick and fast,
Shot from its centre, darting east and west;
From each bright flash there hung a silver-crest,
Bound at the ends; while centred in the middle,
There was a heart, with silver arrows riddled.
She dreamed again, and thought that Jerome
had gone

With a fair lady, from out a gathered throng ;
Whose beauty showed a thousand times more
fair

Than hers, which by its side was as despair.
And then she saw the flying cloud return
Sparkling with brightest gems. She yearned
And longed to know what such a sight could
mean ;

When bursting forth a hundred angels gleamed,
Whose beauty lit the earth and heavens around ;
And ere an instant more had passed, she found
That they had left with one accord the cloud
Which but an instant 'fore them did enshroud.
And then were flying through the darkened
gloom,

And straightway came, alighted in her room.
She then awoke ; and what did she behold !
The captain, who a cup of glittering gold
Held in his hand, but of its contents bared.
Her eyes then seemed to sink, to swim, to glare ;
But by some unseen power, she rose and threw
The compound forth, and then demanded too,
What it could mean ; when forth young Williams
drew

A blade, and swore by all that's true,

If there another word she then would utter,
He'd bear her body to the nearest gutter.
And bade her swear that henceforth she would
not,

The secret of her capture, be by any got.
That they would after furnish her with gold,
To cross the raging and the waters bold.
Compelled to swear, or else compelled to die,
She unto their request did then comply.
The sun arose, and shed its brilliant light
O'er the green earth, banishing foul deeds with
night.

Mountains, palace', cities, hamlets, all
Awoke with nature at its well-known call.
The ocean in its ever-restless song
Threw the white spray o'er surging billows
strong.

And ne'er did waters to the eye present
More welcome song than they the captive
sent.

Bound to her native land, freed from despair ;
Hope, honor, virtue, liberty, were hers.
When she had landed on her native soil,
She felt the warm blood from her heart recoil :
And in a thought reviewed the past, how they,

Who aided in her capture, paved the way
Of a false road, with flowers adorned,
And in the centre of the richest placed a thorn.
Yet, ignorant, who they were that thus bestrew
The seeming road to heaven with poisonous dew.

THE CAPTIVE.

PART IV.

JEROME had passed the lines of picket beds,
And to brigade head-quarters quickly sped.
'T was the brigade that was the most thinned out
By killed and captured in the late great rout.
Including wounded, missing, all combined,
It made their ranks much thinner than designed.
The shelter tents, when they were stretched and
pitched,
A single one would scarcely hide a witch :
But when the three combined were pitched
together,
They sheltered soldiers three, knapsacks, arms,
and leather.
Their only cover from the wind and sun ;
And when it rained, they leaked as bad as none.

When tents were counted, there were found to be
Ten rows, in each there averaged three :
And three times ten are thirty, not including
Outsiders who with pigs and hens were roosting.
The camp was full, its former space spread o'er,
Which proves to all a brigadier's a bore.
So that he could better judge his loss by space,
Since he'd not had that pleasure in the haste.
'T is strange why brigadiers admire the charge ;
'T is said their hearts are set on it at large :
Seek the advance, extreme and hottest fire ;
'T is loyalty, no doubt, though they seldom do
expire.

Still, they do well, whate'er their motive is,
And to deny it, 't were water in a sieve.
We cannot, if we could we would not, 't would
be so cruel.

The deed may claim the cup, but not the gruel.
Yet in many cases both are fairly won,
We will say most, yes, all, since we've begun.

For miles the white tents glistened in the sun,
And curling smoke from each camp upward
flung ;
The lively drum, the bugle, and the silvery band,

Whose notes arose and fell as breeze command.
And clouds of dust which marked the winding
course

Of troops arrived, in march on foot, or horse
Review and drill of regiment and brigade,
Artillery, cavalry, and infantry, through glade,
O'er hills, in ravines, digging trenches, building
forts ;

Officers, orderlies, and brilliant escorts.

Next morning found the camp in different plight,
Formed in line, with three days' rations to a bite.
Forty rounds or more of cartridges were given ;
The ground thick-strewn with contents from
knapsacks driven.

Divisions marching, others countermarching,
Wheeling to the right—yet none were parching
For a fight. 'T was in July and extremely warm,
They 'd not objected to a shower, except a lead-
en storm.

They marched until the night drew o'er their
way ;

At set of sun they 'd thirty miles at bay.

Now o'er the fields, the forest, hills, and all
Surroundings, echoed back their midnight call.
Far as the eye could reach 't was bright as day,

For blazing camp-fires cheered the night away,
And naught would burn but that was there
piled on

The glowing embers with a cheerful song.
Surrounding each, a dozen blankets spread,
The soldier's joy, the planter's deathly dread.
Yet who would count the cost? Not such as
they

Who held the owner's life at less account by
day,

Than the meanest fire that could there be found,
Which warmed a comrade, or had dried a gown.
Morning dawned, and with it woke the day
To martial music and the tuneless lay
Of rattling artillery o'er the trodden roads,
Which the advance had packed in sodden clods,
While here and there a breastwork that they
saw

Had been deserted without crack or flaw ;
Which only left a sign that there were more ;
No doubt they 'd number several scores,
Compared with those that they 'd just passed ;
And such as they, they 'd wish to see the last.
But when duty called, they ne'er delayed nor
feared,

But marched straight forward, though the cannon
cleared

A double column at each deathly blaze ;
Nor dreamed of home, nor ever courted praise,
Till all was over ; and then a sparing hand they
dealt ;

Yet it was lavished, which they truly felt.
They scarce had passed the breastworks which
had been

Evacuated, when a thundering rolling din
Of all the artillery and infantry in advance—
Which did not seem much like a sleeper's
trance,

Unless he dreams of heaven's artillery from under,
Or something more than common claps of thunder,
der,

Which no doubt would bring his senses to a din,
More likely still as bright as did to them—
Burst forth ; and then a few sharp cracks o'er-
head,

From each a smoke much like a snarl of thread ;
While such a singing sound as came therefrom,
Which made the air like stinging bees to hum.
Then came the wounded on the stretchers borne,

Whose mangled flesh and quite disfigured form
Presented to the hardened gaze of those who
saw

The shattered limb, the broken skull, or jaw,
Such ghastly sights, that they did almost quake
To think the like might be their dreaded fate.
The countenance of those who on the wounded
gazed

Showed plainly they were planning better ways,
Which they forgot as soon as they thought fit,
But not while they could see a rifle-pit.

A shot with deadly aim, a dodge or two,
Drove from the field all shadow of the blue.
The smoke, instead of rising, as would seem,
Had settled o'er the breastwork, and between
Each foe, each rank, each file, when they could
not

Discern how near the breastwork they had got.
Then came a gentle breeze, which wafting sent
It curling upward, onward, skyward bent ;
And then a general cry was heard at large ;
And next there followed the command to
charge.

Now forward, over crag, log, and stump they
go ;

Screaming, yelling, jumping, shouting so,
Amid the crying, whining shell and ball,
Forgetting past and present, friends and all.
When in the rifle-pit, from end to end,
They thrust their bayonets, on which they did
ascend

The hard-packed earth of which the pit was
made,

Nor seemed to mar its smoothly-polished glade,
More than a needle in a cushion sent

Does mar its beauty, or will cause a rent.

Some had reached the top, others had not,

While others still had into the breastwork got,

Who fought like tigers in a lion's den,

Knowing that death or victory would crown
the end.

Many who would ascend fell victims to

The sword, the bayonet, grenade, or pistol, who

Lay in the trench, mangled, bruised, and torn,

Their blood dripping down o'er each other's
form.

But soon the cry of victory, when like a herd

Of ferocious beasts, their quiet stirred.

The Southern ranks, they flew, and left behind

Their strongest hold, their ever-honored shrine,

While every mound poured forth a fearful blaze,
And woods re-echoed, like when tempests raise,
And o'er the field the dying, wounded, fall,
Hurled to the dust at every cannon's call.

And still they flew, and still were pressed, till
when

Surrounded on all sides, and inward hemmed,
Compelled to yield like cowards, yet brave men,
For braver never trod a field than they.

THE CAPTIVE.

PART V.

RAYMOND JEROME had in the battle fell,
Thus 't was said by those who knew it well,
But after proved to be a dangerous wound,
From death escaped by being cared for soon.
The wounded had in many tents been laid,
Erected for that purpose 'neath a shade ;
And ample room there was for friend and foe —
One fared no better than the other though.
Jerome lay musing on present and the past,
The future clouded ; when, lo ! a ray shot past,
Of something more than human can divine.
Again his fighting spirit seemed resigned.

He then awoke to realize
That it no dream had been,

As right before him there she stood,
His faithful Lillian.

He pressed her to his loving breast,
A thousand kisses gave
The ever fair and rosy cheeks
That bid as many have.

No more he thought of wounds ;
He only thought of heaven.
A paradise on earth to him,
No image ever graven
Bespoke his love so well
As that fair form, by seven.

The roving hair, the white and moulded arms ;
The slender form, and model features all,
With gentle voice awoke him at her call.

With all her outward grace and charms,
This modest maiden fair,
The sky-blue suit, so neat and trim,
And military air ;

Gave no suspicion, but that she
A bright and handsome youth,
Was born in love to captivate
Some gentle maid in truth.

She then did tell Jerome, that she
A captive long had been ;
And that a letter she 'd received
Addressed to her from him :

Which had been sent from Charleston,
Directing her to meet
Her own and ever-faithful one ;
As he did wish her greet.

And that a lover's knot they'd tie,
And ever after crown
Their future lives and happiness,
In wedlock's holy bonds.

“ 'Tis true,” replied Jerome, “ 't is true ;
I waited for thee long,
And yet no tidings did receive
From thee, my gentle song.”

Said Lillian, "Then I wrote by mail,
And quickly followed next;
When, as I neared the city's lines,
I unexpected met,

"On board the train, a passenger,—
A gentleman he seemed,—
Who quick inquired my name to know;
The lady that he deemed

"Would meet Jerome, his bosom friend,
On board the Hunter's Trail;
That is the ship you wrote to me,
In which you were to sail.

"When I had got on board the ship,
I to a room was driven,
Without recourse, I there did stay
Until the morn told seven.

"I heard the snapping of the sails,
And felt the surging sea
Make awkward motions to the ship,
By which I knew that she

“ Was on her outward ocean course,
And I, deceived, undone :
I laid my head upon my arm,
And wept till rise of sun.”

“ What demon, in the shape of man, did meet
you there ?

Was he tall, handsome, had he a lofty air ?
Black whiskers, hair of silken texture and cunning look ?”

“ Jerome, he had ; and in his eye was that which
took

The very life from out of one’s desires ;
For oft I’d heard of pretenders, and was on my
guard,

Yet, it availed me nothing, as he even took my
ring ;

But I’m sure I’m not to blame, as our sex are
always trusting.

Men say they’re true ; we follow till they prove
false ;

While if we trusted none, they’d follow till they
proved true.”

“I know him well,” replied Jerome,
“He was my nearest friend,
Who did a secret trust to me
That fits him for his end.

“To meet stern death, it is his doom,
And this right hand shall do the execution.
Silent, and without a word he'll go.
The secret is, that he your mother's death
Had long anticipated, in silent horror to him-
self;
And after having failed in each attempt on her,
He found you, when a child at play, and with
A dagger, meaning death, he thrust you
through,
And being masked escaped unknown.
When he unveiled to me the secret which I
Have explained, he little knew my love for
you.
He must have written to a friend, to know
The state of our affairs; and after taking
From the post your letter addressed to me,
Accomplished all. His name is Gregory.
He is your mother's cousin.” “O heaven to
my aid!

What next? my mother's cousin Gregory.
He who, after the wound had not proved fatal,
Took me upon his knee, and called me, 'Little
kitten.'

Brought me flowers. and was
My friend. Yet lonely are his hours; and
thanks

To heaven, I know he's not my friend, since in
My blood his glittering knife did blend.

So long has been the time since then,

His face I ne'er had known again.

But, to proceed, when I returned from captivity,
I recruited for our cause the number that the
law requires,

And, after receiving a commission of
First lieutenant, joined the regiment.

"Then," said Jerome, "I see there's added one,
a bar."

"To your's," said she, "are added four, a star."

"And now my love," replied Jerome,

"Our hearts are full united,

And we will join both heart and hand,

To holy fire incited.

The war is staid, my pretty maid,
And Northern homes are brightest ;
We will resign and then we'll bind
Our love ne'er to be blighted."

"Let me of thee one favor ask,
'T will make the future clear,
That to the blood of Gregory
Thou never dost adhere."

"My love, to thee I yield my hand,
Thy sacred word I fear ;
Nor more will think of Gregory's blood,
Thy wish shall be more dear."

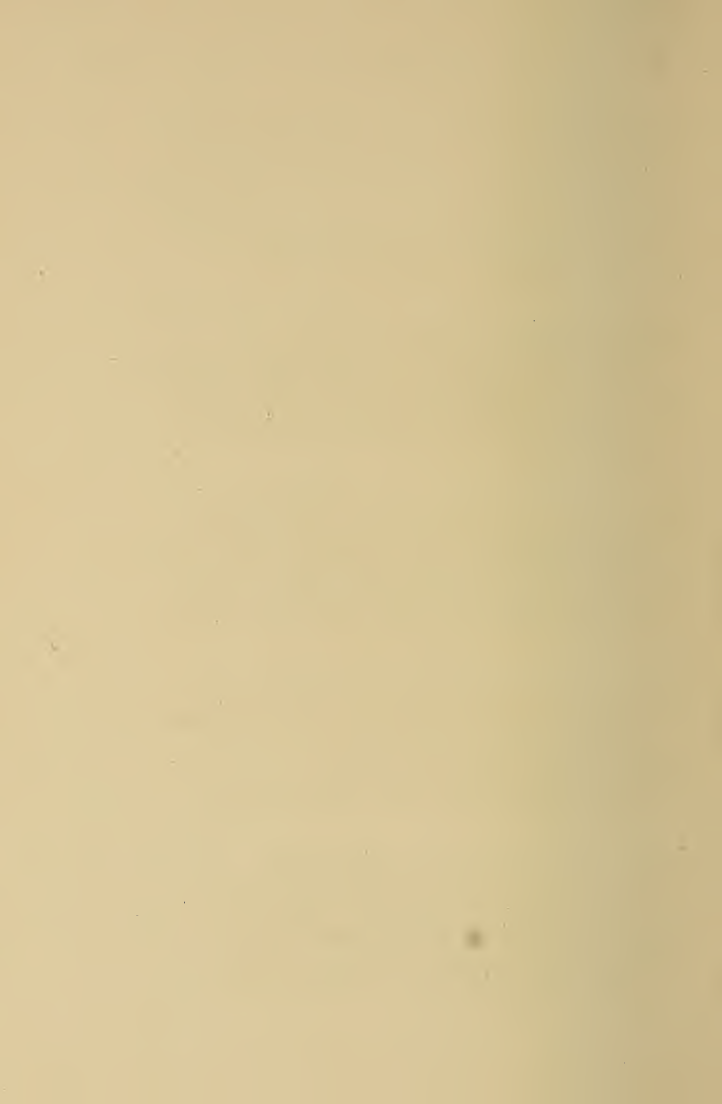
THE PASSION.

How gentle is the flame of love
That first appears in childhood's tour,
And warms each heart with gentle fire,
And builds them castles for an hour.

Oh! that its charm might last alway,
That manhood may possess the flame;
'T will make the darkness clear as day,
'T will make their life one joyous aim.

Oft, ere its height they do ascend,
Desires unjust their path have crossed,
And ere the nuptial is begun,
Oh! vision dark! the flame is lost.

Oh! pity them that in that hour,
They hand in hand did not unite,
To bring their love into one bower,
And not the gift of heaven blight.



TEMPTATION.

WHEN earth is clad in summer's gay,
And spring has flown on merry wings,
And birds have warbled all the day,
And sun is set and eve begins:

Then earth resembles God above,
In gentleness and meek delight;
Then Satan chooses oft to rove,
That our calm pleasures he may blight.

And fills each heart with envy deep
That it such pleasures may not see,
And makes us wonder why 't is so
That happiness is not for me.

He follows in the social throng,
When all agree that naught but joys
Shall enter in their midst, but then,
Again he tempts and us decoys.

Love and respect are pleasures earth affords
To sinful man who has transgressed God's laws ;
On us depends how much we realize,
Of those great gifts which bring us near to
 heaven.

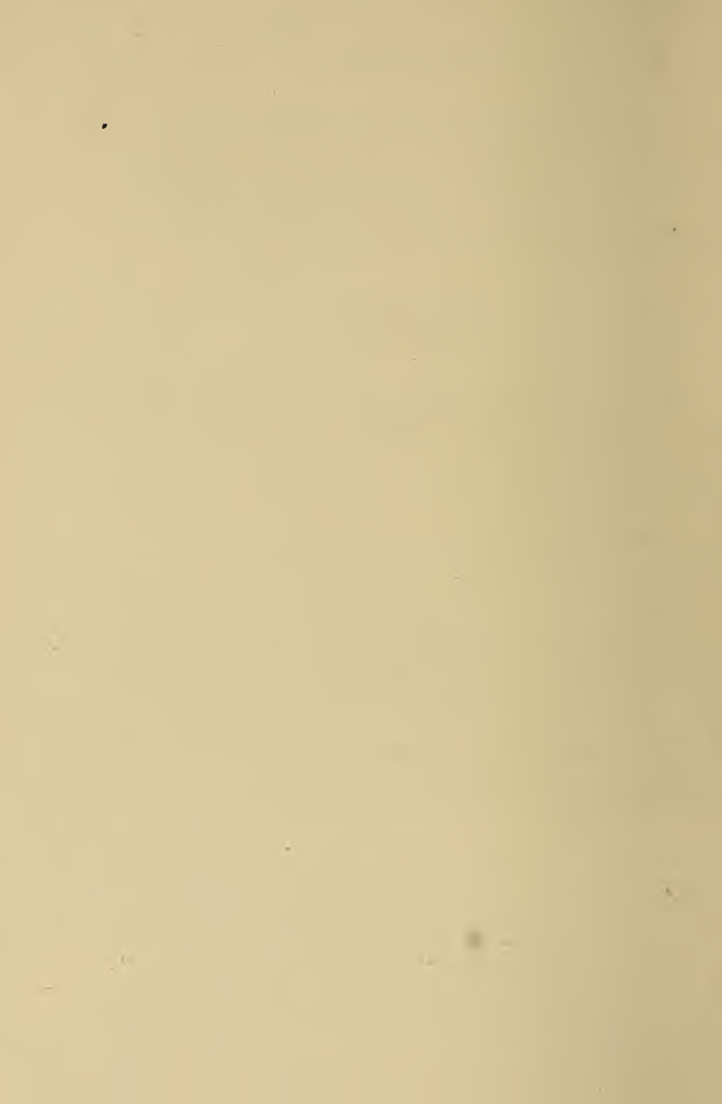
Who seeks alone, oft seeks them but in vain ;
Who seeks with others, often shares the spoil ;
But he who seeks for others, not himself,
Shall have their blessings showered upon his
 head.

And when they reap full measure, each will
 give

Unto him who has given unto them.
So that had he but sought unto himself,
The share of one would 've been his only gain,
And that without the blessing of his friends
To cheer him in the lonely road of life.

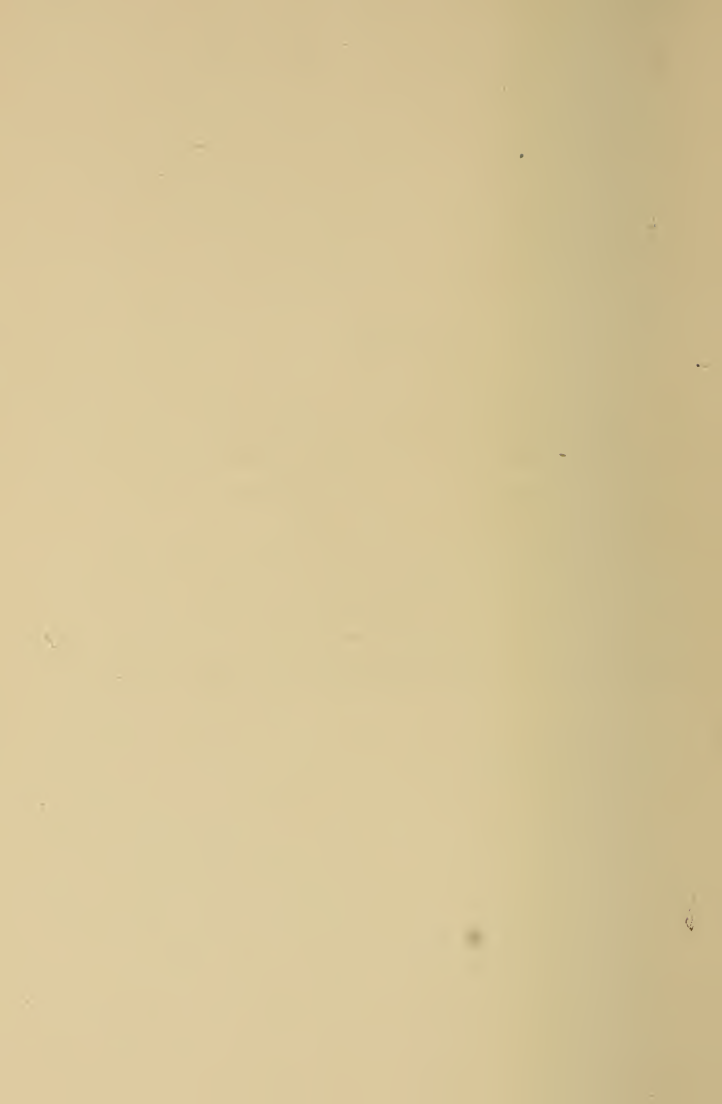
HOPE.

WHAT thinkest thou of heaven, O man that after death the recollection of thy pleasures here will give thee joy? Not so, they are of sin, and every earthly pleasure which thou feelest is a passion given thee for pleasure and replenish. Thy love for father, mother, daughter, son, will lose its earthly being as soon as life shall flee. But then a greater love, a heavenly love will spring, which in itself shall quite eclipse thy greatest expectations. And in the realms of heaven's eternal bliss, make full amends for all the partial love thou wouldst bestow.



LUST.

THE lust of flesh is sin, is joy, is need ;
Is recompense from hell : a joy indeed.
A gift to all mankind ; a sin at sight ;
A devilish evil and a godly right.
It serveth all its living guests with snares,
And in their joy it takes them unawares.
It is a joy from hell, a gift from God ;
Where Satan sets the snare, and plies the rod.



MAN.

WHAT a work of God is Man : how sublime his thought : how vast his reasoning. The knowledge of the world, occupies in his unlimited space for more, but the room of a dollar, to a miser's extended wish for gain.

FALLEN SPIRITS.

How vile is man, how tainted is his sense,
How like a devil is his passions dyed.
To satisfy ambition, he will face
A deadly foe, and fight him unto death.
His lustful passions he will gratify,
Although they sink him deeper into hell.
Baffling that which would his soul restore,
And grasping hell with all its horrid train.
Stung by its spurs from every thorny bough,
Yet grasps again and clasps them to his breast.
But not content, he diveth down below,
And hopes to gain a safe retreat at last:
But finds himself upon the fallen spurs
Which time has gathered in a bed beneath.
He sees the healing balm above him flowing
In currents, gently o'er him as they pass.
Again he struggles but the thorns pierce deeply,
Again he stands to watch the healing balm,

Which beckons: "Onward, onward though they
slay thee,
Thy soul shall rise at my command."
But fearing death, and doubting truth and
virtue,
He casts his eyes upon the ground again;
And sees that he through faith the thorns has
broken,
That to descend insures no further pain.
So turning not again unto fair virtue,
But turning to the earth he seeks its aid,
Which promises wealth untold, and pleasure
ever,
With which to blight the fairest hopes of Truth.
Then Sin and all his disappointed host
Rush forward to the gates, to enter life;
But there meet Death who slays them as they
come.
Again they hear the trump of Heaven say Come:
When every world of sin, throughout eternal
space,
Again sent forth its dead unto the judgment-
seat.
And still they came unto the throne; until
Above, below, and "round about" in space,

Were countless myriads of weeping souls.
Again the trump did sound ; when they from
 earth,
And they from other worlds, of all degrees,
Gave way in just obedience to the judge of
 heaven ;
Who, as the whirlwind comes from parts un-
 known,
Came in their midst and sat upon the throne,
And said : “ O mortals that ye were ! O men !
O banished souls ! O filthy and corrupt !
Why are you here ; as vile and foul as hell ? ”
Then, with one voice, they cried unto the Lord :
“ We had no guide to lead us unto thee.”
But then a sound was heard from toward the
 earth,
And ere their cry was stilled, near by the judge
Stood Conscience. Who in either hand did hold
Rejected warnings, paid him by every soul from
 earth.
Which when the latter saw, they quickly knew ;
And terror filled the souls about the throne,
Who would have flown the presence of the
 judge.
And of the hosts of heaven, not from the grave,

Who had not entered into worlds of sin,
But who had had a home within the heavens,
Where time is counted only by the worlds with-
out,

Which form and disappear, as need is had,—
Came from distant part of heaven, accompanied
by

The righteous who had lived and died in God,
And had not died in sin, to merit judgment,
And stood among the vile, who must be judged.
And fathers knew their children in the spirit,
But conscience had no power o'er them for sor-
row ;

And mothers were as fathers in the spirit,
And fathers mothers knew no more the names.
Then said the judge unto the souls of sin :
“ Again you must depart in haste from heaven ;
Ye are defiled, and cannot enter into bliss.”
Then the condemned as with one voice did
cry :

“ I knew not God, when in the world of sin,
And how shall I escape this doom again ?
When I'll not know there is a God that lives.
Thy word of faith I had, as but from men,
And other proofs I sought in vain to find.”

“Thou didst not pray to know from whence it
came,

Or else my spirit would have fed desire ;
For all that 's good I giveth unto thee,
And that that 's bad within is conscience-hid ;
Which, when thou touchest, it will sorely sting,
And warn thee quickly flee to that that 's good :
Which if thou takest, thou wilt find is bliss,
And making known its virtues is the path to
heaven.

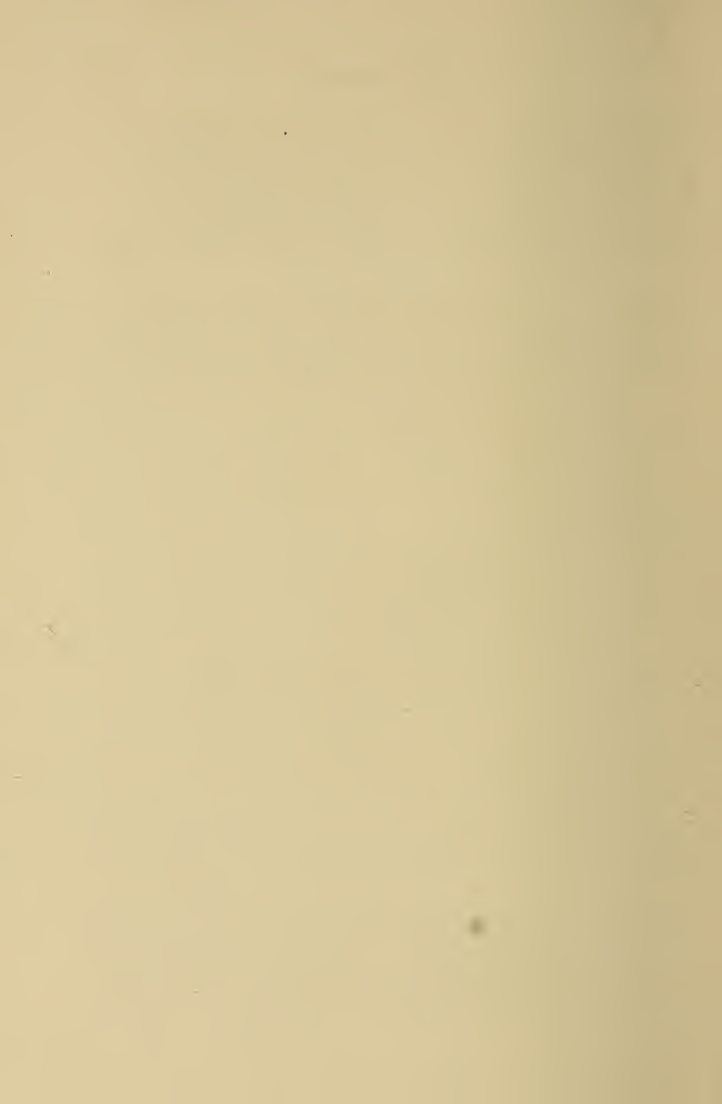
Now go ye forth into the worlds of sin,
Prepared for those who disobeyed when in ;
And all who, as Lucifer, shall disobey in heaven,
Shall there be sent, mid sin and death, until
repentance given.

And be ye born anew unto the flesh,
Where death shall reign more terrible than
earth.

According to your sins so are your lots ;
And pleasures of the flesh shall bring you forth
Unto the worlds of sin and death again.
Which pleasure is reward for pain endured ;
And pain is death that liveth in the flesh.
But ye whose sins would claim a world below,
Shall be united in the flesh with those

That have not sinned unto the 'second death,'
And shall give birth unto the seed of men.
And ye who disobeyed the least, when in
The worlds of sorrow and of sin before,
Shall taste of sorrow and of sin the least,
And sore temptation shall not have its power
To guide astray into the paths of death;
But ye shall suffer in the flesh the same,
Except in conscience, which shall save remorse.
Yet if ye go the road of those who by
Temptation's greatest strength are led astray,
Who would not sin, but sore temptation leads;
Who would repent, but soon are led away;
Who are condemned by judges of the earth,
Because of sins which you had no desire,
Your sins will be much greater, blacker dyed,
Than will your brother's who temptation felt.
When thou hast entered in the world of sin,
And art unable with its powers to cope,
And Satan rages as a host without,
To steal each heavenly spark that lights thy
path,
And leaves thee weak, without an arm to raise,
Then shalt thou call on God, and ask relief,
And finding peace, ask strength to call again;

Receiving more, each time thou callest loud,
And adding to thy former gifts from him.
Be as a mountain built with gifts from God,
And waiting death to take them home with
 thee,
Where he will purchase all that he has given,
And in reward. crown thee a saint in heaven."



EARTH.

O GOD! just as thou art, thou recognizest sin,
Thou clothest earth in rich array each year,
And maketh desert ere the year hath passed.
Reminding us in life of spring-time and the
grave;

Of winter's waste and summer's summer store,
As thou doth sow, so thou doth reap, so we do
gain,

As man doth sow, so hell doth reap, but earth
remains.

For man is low in sin, in death in dread;
In hope for naught, in wish for weak desire,
In glory sought, in pleasure to expire.
Glad in the morn of life he wanders forth,
And tasteth all that to his sense seems sweet,
And finds a bliss in every mortal flower,
Which bliss is sweet, but bitters ere an hour,
And thus he fears eternity to face.

To face his God, why should he fear at all?
If not deserved, no punishment will fall;
But if deserved, why should he fear the debt?
God will not punish further than is need;
A God so just, excess hath ne'er decreed.
Man sings of heaven as joy omnipotent,
But shuns the grave to enter in its bliss.
He prays to God to make him as his own,
And give him crowns which he has never won.
He makes the earth his footstool and his
throne;

His hope for gain, his honor, and his joy;
His daily thought, his nightly peace of mind,
His hope for good, and scarce a thought resigns
To him who has it all designed;
But serveth Satan rather than his God,
And godly gifts cannot with Satan thrive.
Example God hath given, example sweet,
To face the dread of death with a bright smile,
Through faith in him, eternity so near;
To him who grasps in death a holy life,
Led by the hand of peace down to the grave.
Weak with desire, desire that ne'er is gained,
And longing for a better world to come,
He plods his onward course, swift as the time

That ushers us into eternity ;
But swifter still is that the thought which soars
Past the unhallowed bounds of earth and time,
And seeks the realms of bliss blind to the mortal eye,

And stands upon the border shores of heaven ;
There to converse with spirits that have fled,
Whose image still remains with us below,
And crowns the night, the bliss of life, in sleep.
The toil of day makes glad, makes strong the soul ;

But why should we need rest when day is o'er,
Why not one day continued on for aye ;
One day of pleasure without pain or toil,
And yet do all that of us is required,
And need no time for rest or weariness.

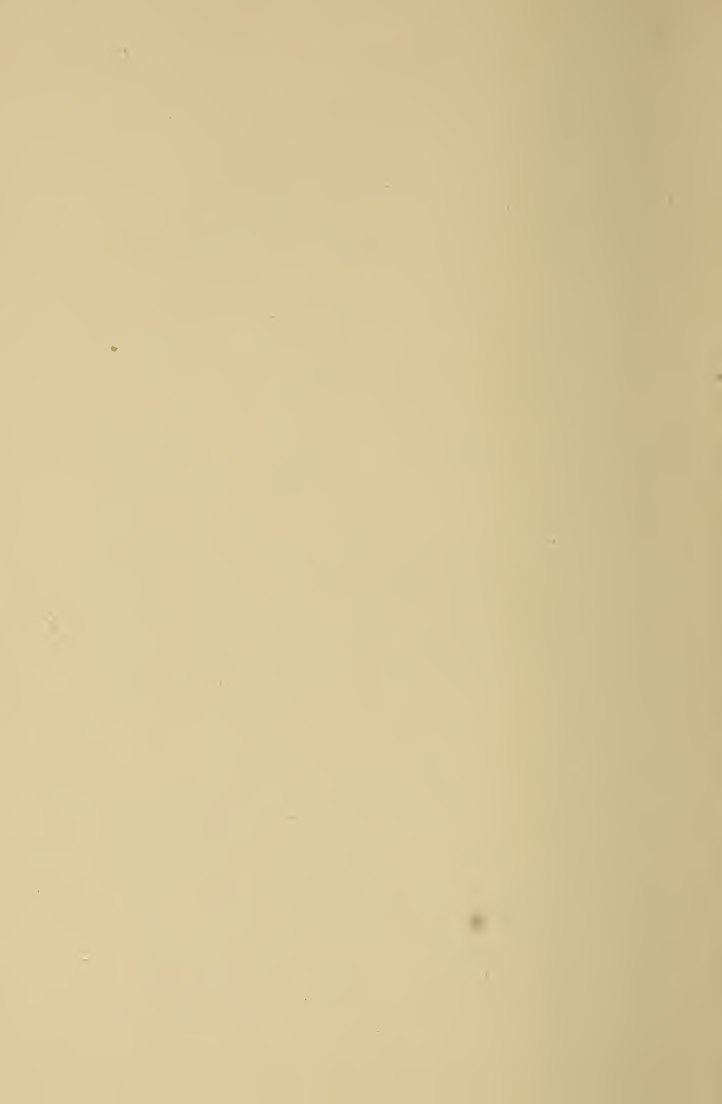
Ah, then it were not earth, it would be bliss :
And when are we that blissful state to gain ?
Shall death itself from justice us refrain ;
Or, shall we win, and then through justice claim ?

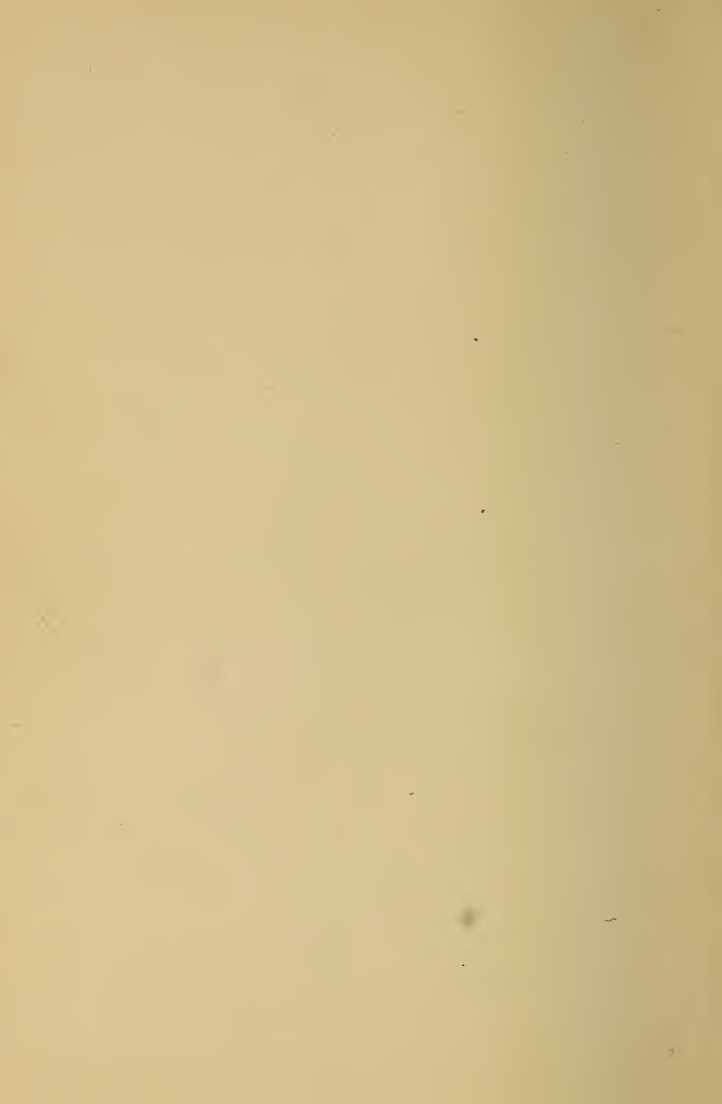
Then, how to win it, we would quickly ask.
Do that which leaveth not a sting at last.
The earth is not unholy, only man ;
And why not heaven as earth, save wrong.

How great a plan the universe appears !
How wisdom reigns supremely at each hour !
How godlike are the works we have from thee ;
From thee, O God, which none but thou canst
give !

Thou makest things in judgment, as we see,
To act as though a life each did possess.
High heaven, boundless and omnipotent,
Realms of infinite joy unsearched,
Fathomless as depth itself is deep,
Mighty as wisdom's guide is great ;
Joys undiscovered, uttermost parts of space.
Wars for celestial conquests fought,
Elements in space as instruments of war.
Spirits with gift beyond their king's control,
And with that gift still higher realms unfold.

THE END.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 988 615 3

